

IMPROVEMENT ERA



SEPTEMBER, 1925

Vol. 28

No. 11

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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My Dear Old Pal

A Wife's Tribute for the Golden Wedding

My dear old pal,
You know,
I loved you fifty years ago.
When life was new, the way untried,
You held the rose-hued drapes aside;
And through the radiant vista seen
Joy danced in robe of purple sheen.

My dear old pal,
'Twas true,
My dream of love and joy with you.
It was not meant our cup should hold
No dark alloy amid the gold:
So there was sorrow, pain and tears;
But always love to meet our fears.

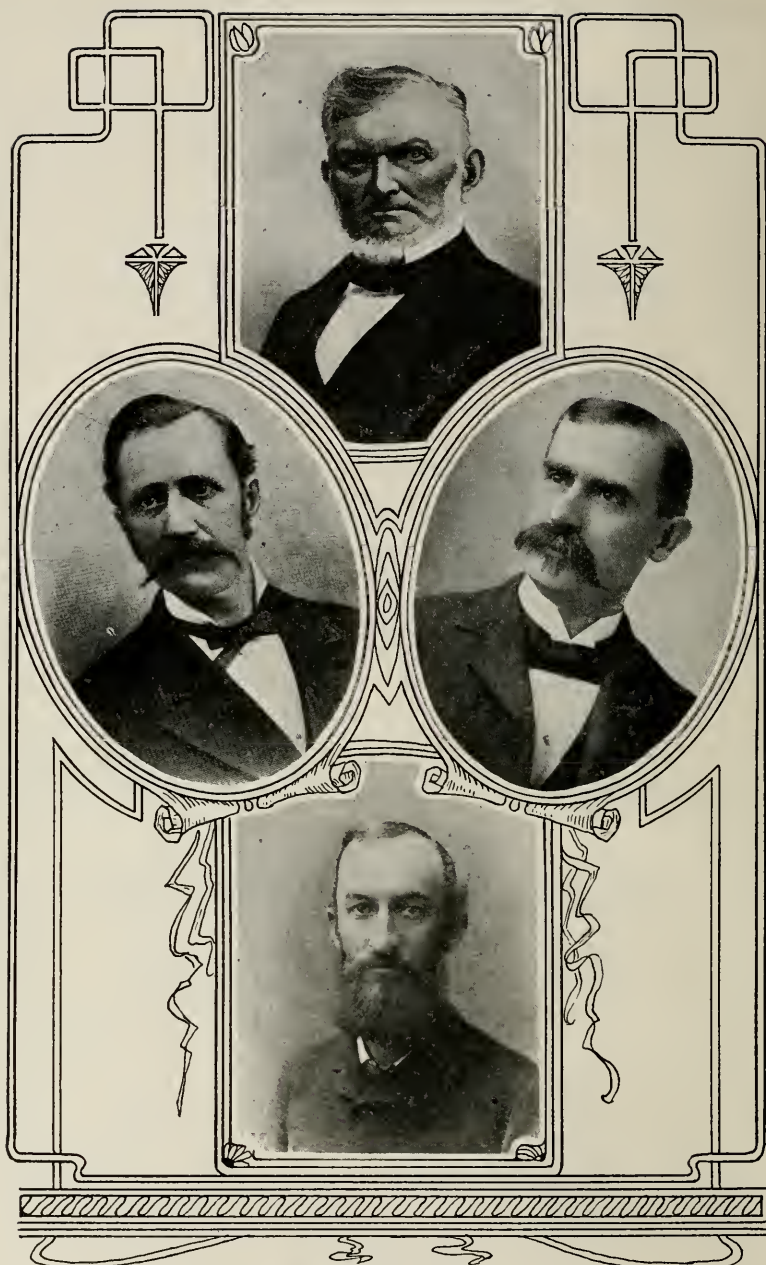
My dear old pal,
It seems
The happiest sequence to my dreams,
That in the darkest hour we've known,
The tenderest, purest love you've shown.
So the unmeasured joy I gain,
Becomes my recompense for pain.

My dear old pal,
I see
Love's bower, a lowly cot for me;
But so you come at set of sun,
Or when the daily toil is done,
And as of old you clasp my hand,
What matter? I can understand.

My dear old pal,
You know,
The way is clearest where you go,
And safest; for the ills I dread
All vanish when you go ahead.
For love is heaven here below,
And heaven is love somewhere, you know,
Dear trusted pal,
You know.

Provo, Utah.

ANNIE D. PALMER



THE FIRST GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY Y. M. M. I. A., 1880

Above: Wilford Woodruff, General Superintendent.

Center: Joseph F. Smith, First Counselor, and Moses Thatcher, Second Counselor.

Below: Heber J. Grant, General Secretary.

(See "Historical Sketch Y. M. M. I. A." in this number of the *Era*.)

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1925

No. 11

THE WASATCH LITERARY ASSOCIATION

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY

At Salt Lake City, in the month of February, 1874, the society was organized whose name gives caption to this article. It was not the first of its kind to have "a local habitation and a name," but it was one of the most notable in the entire list of such organizations that have sprung up in Utah since Salt Lake Valley was settled. It had a brilliant, if comparatively brief, career, and rallied to its standard many of the most promising young men and young women of the community. Some of its members, in subsequent years, rose to great prominence either in Church or in State.

A list of those connected with the Wasatch Literary Association would include such names as these: Heber J. Grant, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; Rudger Clawson, President of the Twelve Apostles; Rulon S. Wells, of the First Council of the Seventy; Heber M. Wells, first Governor of the State of Utah; Richard W. Young, brigadier-general in the United States Army; Horace G. Whitney, manager and dramatic and lyric editor of the *Deseret News*; Major William W. Woods, lawyer and magistrate; Harry Emery, actor and manager; John T. Caine, Jr., of the faculty of the Utah Agricultural College; H. L. A. Culmer, artist and first president of the Salt Lake Rotary Club; John B. Read, editor of the *Butte Miner*; Robert W. Sloan, journalist and broker; Laron Cummings, chief teller of the Deseret National Bank; Don Carlos Young, architect; Brigham S. Young, president of the Northwestern States mission; Dr. Stanley H. Clawson, dentist; Frank D. Kimball, John Horne and James X. Ferguson, all well known business men.

On the feminine side would be found Martha Horne Tingey president of the General Board, Y. L. M. I. A.; Mary Jones Clawson, club woman and member of the Mormon Battalion Monument Commission; Miss Emma Wells, Mrs. Melvina W. Woods, Emily Wells Grant, May Wells Whitney, Miss Emmeline Wells, Mrs. Nat. Brigham,

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Miss Kate Wells, Annette Wells Culmer, Keetie Heywood Kimball, Miss Rett Young, Miss Aggie Sharp, Cornelia Horne Clayton, Minnie Horne James, Mary Ferguson Keith, Josephine Beatie Wells, Libbie Beatie Wells, Ellen Richardson, Alibo Young, Birdie Clawson, Edna Clawson Tibbitts and Arabella Clayton.

All were not enrolled at once, but the Wasatch quickly became popular, and ere many days these and others became members. The entire membership of the society was limited to fifty persons. Among those who affiliated with the Wasatch, frequently attending its meetings, but not having their names upon the roll, were Professor Joseph B. Toronto, of the University of Utah; Will Sharp, president of the Utah Fuel Company; Charles S. Burton, cashier of the Utah State National Bank; J. Willard Clawson, noted portrait painter; B. Bicknell Young, vocalist; William C. Dunbar, Jr., Renz Young, and others whose names do not now occur to mind.

There may be a few slight inaccuracies in these listings, as I am dependent upon memory, and not upon documents, for my statement of facts; the old roll book and minute book being lost. But allowing for the possibility of transpositions, in one or two instances, crediting non-members with membership, and vice versa, the above showing may be regarded as practically correct. A number of the foregoing names, members and non-members of the Wasatch, belonged also to the Zeta Gramma Debating Society, an adjunct of the University of Deseret, owing its existence to Dr. John R. Park, then President of the University, who organized it among his students late in the sixties or early in the seventies. The debating society ran parallel with the literary association for several years.

The object of the Wasatch Literary Association was partly indicated by its title. It had its inception in a desire on the part of those who founded it to improve themselves and each other along literary lines. What led to the organization—though it did not fully suggest what was coming—was a remark made by "Jim" Ferguson, then connected in a clerical way with the Utah Legislature. He and "Rule" Wells, another of "the boys," who was also a clerk in the Legislature, were walking up Main Street one day, when they and the writer of this sketch chanced to meet. A conversation ensued, in the course of which Ferguson said: "Ort, why don't you organize a reading class among the boys and girls?"

I have always suspected that Jim had an ax to grind in making this suggestion. Being enamored of one of "the girls," he had, as I suspect, hit upon a plan for improving, not only his mind, but his chances in her direction, thinking it would give him more of her company than he was then getting. His dissertation on the benefits to be derived from a "reading class" was both eloquent and convincing. He had heard, no doubt, of fond couples "reading life's meaning in each others eyes," and that was the kind of reading that most interested him.

Rule warmly seconded Jim's suggestion, and Ort said, "I'll think it over." To be perfectly frank, he and Rule, with others of "the crowd," were in the same box with Ferguson on the girl question.

Forthwith the author of this article proceeded to the home of Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells ("Aunt Em") on State Street, and there consulted with her daughters "Mel" and "Em," both of whom, like their honored and illustrious mater, were enthusiastic lovers of literature. The result of the consultation was a decision to organize—not a reading class, but something on a larger scale, namely a literary association, in which music should have its place.

Among the suggestions as to its character and conduct was one offered by Major Woods, who was then paying court to the elder of the two sisters, and was therefore a frequent visitor at the Wells home on State Street. He mentioned a society to which he once belonged, that had as one of its features, a "budget box," wherein members would place all sorts of pieces, written or printed, original or selected, anonymous or otherwise, and they would be read to the society at its next meeting, by some member previously appointed for that purpose. Essays, recitations and other exercises made up the remainder of the program, which always ended with the reading of the budget box.

Major Woods' idea was acted upon, as soon as the Wasatch was organized, the budget box becoming a staple feature of its weekly program. The Major, who was a member of the Utah Bar, joined the new society at its very beginning, but did not long remain with it, a change of residence to Idaho, where he became prominent in judicial circles, following an early severance of his relations with the Wasatch. He did not favor that name for a literary organization, preferring something more classic; but the local patriotism of a majority of the members bore down all opposition, and "Wasatch Literary Association" was triumphantly flung to the breeze.

At the first meeting of the society Orson F. Whitney was elected president, and Emma Wells secretary; in recognition, no doubt, of the very active part played by them in working up the scheme and persuading others to join. There was also a treasurer, elected for the same period—four weeks, if I remember aright. The reader of the budget box was appointed weekly in advance by the president; so also was the critic, whose strictures were relied upon to offset the facetiae of the budget box, and tone down the risibilities of fun-loving members who evinced at times a disposition to sacrifice everything for a laugh. The program committee was appointed monthly. A constitution and by-laws were framed and adopted, and the Wasatch Literary Association started out upon its interesting career.

Meetings were held every Wednesday evening, in private homes, any member being privileged to invite the society to thus assemble. On special occasions light refreshments were served at the close. The

running expenses of the association were met by monthly dues and by fines imposed for failure to respond to the requirements of the program, or for other infractions of the rules. The imposition of fines was one of the functions of the president. Now and then the proceeds of a ball or an excursion would supply necessary funds.

The Wasatch programs were frequently of a very ambitious and meritorious character, and correspondingly interesting and enjoyable. Visitors were often present upon the invitation of members, and were generally delighted with what they saw and heard. Lectures, readings and recitations were given; musical pieces, vocal and instrumental, rendered; original poems and prose articles read, and scenes from Shakespeare and other dramatic authors presented.

Among the Shakespearean delineations were acts or dialogues from Hamlet, Othello, Julius Caesar, Richard III, King John, and the Merchant of Venice. The principal parts were taken by Keetie Heywood (Mrs. F. D. Kimball), Mamie Jones (Mrs. S. H. Clawson), Harry Emery, Harry Culmer, Laron Cummings, Heber M. Wells, John T. Caine Jr., and myself.

Whole plays were performed at times, and on such occasions the old Social Hall—now a memory—was used for the presentation. "Robert Macaire was played there in the summer of 1876, as a benefit tendered to me by my fellow Wasatchites, prior to my intended departure for the East, to begin a dramatic career—a project postponed indefinitely by a call to the mission field in the following October.

I well remember the critic's stern arraignment of certain members whose ill-timed merriment had marred a Shakespearean dialogue—that between the villainous Iago and the too credulous, jealous Moor. The critic was John T. Caine, Jr., the Lord Chatham of the society. Arising in parliamentary dignity, and wrapping his toga about him (figuratively speaking) he said: "You who have laughed at these gentlemen and their commendable efforts to entertain us this evening, have applauded worse acting upon the boards of the Salt Lake Theatre." The givers of the dialogue—Harry Emery and the writer—fully agreed with this able and lucid statement of the case.

Usually a blast like that would suffice to sober up those who needed the correction; but if it failed, a fine of fifty cents or more would be imposed upon the offender.

One of the irrepressibles essayed a dialogue himself, assisted by a girl friend. She was "Pauline," and he "Claude Melnotte," in Bulwer's romantic melodrama, "The Lady of Lyons." He became "dead-letter perfect" in his part, but somehow his acting caused no thrill. The budget box, after complimenting him for always committing his lines so well, plowed into him thus:

Now Claude was well committed, too,
And doubly done—ay, this is true;
You first commit the part, to prove it,
And then commit the murder of it.

Humorous skits of all kinds found their way into the budget box, and much amusement—not to say amazement—often resulted from their exploitation.

Occasionally an original play was presented, in which local characters in or out of the society were satirized by impersonation. I recall one in which a certain individual, who had no love for the Wasatch, was represented as being haled before the bar of the District Court, to answer a charge of chasing "with malice prepense" a neighbor's chickens, for morning and evening exercise. The defendant denied chasing the chickens with "a mallet prepense," maintaining that "it was a stick with a nail in the end of it." The objection was overruled—Rule Wells was on the bench—and the culprit was sentenced to death.

Again the critic, this time a girl—Emma Wells—unsheathed the rapier of rebuke. She scored the authors and performers of the sketch in a way to make them feel like a Mexican dollar with seventy cents deducted. Em had no sympathy with this burlesque on "our friends."

The crowning feature of the program was the budget box. Wit and wisdom, satire and sentiment, mingled with the sharpest personalities. Too often tender feelings were lacerated by some thoughtless though clever jibe, intended to be innocently funny, but in effect almost cruel. The doom of the Wasatch was foreshadowed by the personalities of the budget box, long before a penchant for frivolous pleasure-seeking began to show itself, superseding in many all ambition for higher things, and paving the way for the inevitable collapse.

The budget box, however, had better things than quips and quirks with which to regale its patrons. Some of the sketches, by such writers as Horace G. Whitney, Heber M. Wells, and John B. Read—wits of the first water—rivalled Goldsmith, Dickens and Mark Twain. This is positively no exaggeration, and it constituted one of the main reasons for the society's popularity.

There was very little religion in the Wasatch Association, aside from what lurked in the hearts of the members, nearly all of them scions of well-known "Mormon" families, and as good and clean a lot of boys and girls as the sun ever shone upon. Many of them were spiritually-minded, though not demonstrative. They would have welcomed the introduction of religious observances in the proceedings, but for the opposition of their associates. The membership was of a mixed character, religious and non-religious, but never anti-religious in tone. Persons, not principles, were the targets of ridicule. It was once proposed that the meetings be opened and closed with prayer, but the proposition met with so little favor that it was never put to a vote. Consequently prayer was left out.

One of the members was a little Englishman who drifted into the community from "Lord-knows-where," and as mysteriously drifted

out again. He was well educated, claimed to be an Oxford graduate, and was rather eccentric in speech and action. "Yes, thanks," "No, thanks," was the usual form in which he answered questions put to him. While convalescing from an illness, he was asked by an acquaintance how he felt. "Worse, thanks," was the dolefully polite though somewhat ambiguous response.

Of course, we all had a good opinion of ourselves, and some of us spoke well of our neighbors. "Heeb" Wells thought Harry Emery "the finest young actor on the American stage." Reminded of this many years later, Heeb stood aghast and exclaimed: "Did I say that?" A volume could tell no more. The fact is, Harry was not much of an actor, but he played the flute like a motor cycle, and was an all-round good fellow, much liked for his genial and jolly nature. He was a good swimmer, too. "He swam the Eske River"—no, come to think, it was Young Lochinvar who did that. Harry swam the Great Salt Lake, from Black Rock House to Black Rock, in a storm, and returned in triumph, the admiration of the girls and the envy of the boys, two of whom, in attempting to accompany him to the Rock, had all but shared the fate of Leander, being ignominiously beaten back and half strangled by the boisterous, briny, blinding billows. I was one of the victims, and the little Englishman was the other. Barring a slight loss of prestige, we were none the "worse, thanks," for what we had passed through.

Apropos of excursions, they were to such places as Black Rock, Wells' Farm, City Creek Canyon and other near-by points. Inevitably the Wasatch wits had their say regarding these very pleasant outings, humorous descriptions of which were duly deposited in that "Lion's Mouth"—the budget box.

One cool evening in autumn "the crowd" went down to Calder's Park—since Wandemere—sincer Nibley Park. Boating was indulged in, and one of the boats, accidentally capsizing, threw Miss Mary Jones into the water. She was helped out with some difficulty, and dripping and shivering was hurried to a bowery close by, where the other girls busied themselves covering her with wraps, taking off her wet stockings, and putting on dry ones obtained at a neighboring house. Meanwhile, "till Mary did appear," the boys "waited patiently about"—about like "Mary's little lamb." As she sat there like patience on the Mormon Battalion Monument, her teeth chattering with the cold, "Bud" Whitney approached sympathetically: "What *can* we do for you, Mame—would you like some ice cream?" he naively inquired. Her reply was an Arctic glance that "froze the genial current of his soul."

Many readers will remember the terrific explosion of powder magazines on Arsenal Hill, not far from the present Capitol grounds, late in the afternoon of Wednesday, April 5th, 1876. The whole city was shaken and terrified. But the Wasatch met that very night

according to appointment, and the wide-awake budget box teemed with incidents relating to the explosion.

As the love of pleasure grew, and the society became more and more dominated by that spirit—to the extent that a proposed sleigh-ride or other sportive attraction would cause a premature adjournment, leaving the program stranded high and dry—those who had become members for the improvement of their minds began to withdraw. Thus, little by little, the Wasatch, like the Roman empire, abandoning its early ideals, went to pieces. Its entire career covered only about four years, but it made a brilliant record, one that cannot be consistently ignored when Utah's literary history is compiled.

Even in dying, the Wasatch Association seemed to exert a virile influence. Phoenix-like from its ashes, or its insurance, arose two of the most notable of our artistic organizations, whose fame went beyond the borders of the State, and whose achievements delighted for years the local public. I refer to the Home Dramatic Club, organized in 1880, most of whose members were former Wasatchites; and the Salt Lake Opera Company, managed, as was the Dramatic Club, by "Bud" Whitney (Horace G.), the "Gax" of the budget box, and later known from the Pacific to the Atlantic as one of the best dramatic critics in the land.

As for Heeb Wells, the Bill Nye of the Wasatch, the "Yorick" of the budget box, he shone as a character comedian, and could have become famous as such the world over, had he continued to cultivate his histrionic gift and devote himself to the drama. But he chose to turn his versatile talents in another direction, and halted not in his upward career until he became the chief executive of his native State. It but remains to say that his present-day newspaper correspondence is a perennial delight to his many readers.

I grow sentimental—but why not? How can I help it, even if I would, when dreaming reminiscently of the dear old boys and yet young girls of yesterday? I have but to shut my eyes, and I can see Lena Fobes (Mrs. Junius F. Wells) manipulating with magic touch the ivory keys to the dulcet strains of "Poet and Peasant" (with whistling obligato) or some other equally entrancing overture. I hear again that tripping, skipping little idyl, "Fawn-footed Nannie," so sweetly sung by the Horne girls, Mattie and Corneel. And last, but not most, "Stan" Clawson, scraping from his violin, as only he could scrape, the liquid notes of "The Crystal Schottische"—

But here I shut my ears, as well as my eyes, and the beauteous vision dissolves.

I have always thought, and am not alone in so thinking, that the anxiety felt and expressed by leading Church-men over the non-religious spirit in the Wasatch, the Zeta Gamma, and other societies of like character formed throughout Utah, influenced in some degree the origin of the Mutual Improvement Association, which drew to itself

so many of the old-time members of the earlier organizations, and whose glorious Jubilee has been so splendidly, so magnificently celebrated. What more natural than that President Brigham Young, some of whose children were connected with the Wasatch and the Zeta Gamma, should have shared in this anxiety, and, noting the pronounced worldly tendencies in these and other organizations antedating the M. I. A., yet recognizing also the good that was in them, the success achieved by them, and the need represented or suggested by them, was divinely impelled to provide something better and more permanent for the benefit of the youth of Zion? Hence the rise of this efficient auxiliary, this potent help to the Priesthood in the government of the Church.

Such a view in no wise detracts from the glory of the Mutual Improvement cause, the heaven-born inspiration for which, as we all recognize, rested upon President Young, the founder of the now mighty organization. Nor does it diminish in the least the credit due to those who, acting under his inspired direction, laid the foundations of the towering structure.

Great things are often caused by small things. A little stone on the mountain side, displaced even by accident, can start the all-whelming avalanche. More than one divine revelation has been called forth by some human incident, completely buried out of sight by what followed. "Honor to whom honor is due"—not forgetting the pioneer societies that went before the M. I. A., preparing its way, and not excepting one of the most talented, most capable, and most successful of them all—the Wasatch Literary Association.

The Clerical Sense

A tourist came from Jupiter
To view our little earth.
Astonished at the things he saw
He noted all their worth;
And then, as you may well infer,
He soon returned to Jupiter,
And wrote a book,
 A little book
 About our little earth.

The king, who ruled at Jupiter,
A rival envoy sent,
To see if what the first one wrote
Was truthful in intent:
To tell, forsooth, what folk we were
He soon returned to Jupiter,
And wrote a book,
 A little book—
 He had to, being sent.

The two who came from Jupiter
Wrote each of many a thing.
One, truth to please the people,
One, just to please the king:
And both affirmed, for wise they were
Among the wise of Jupiter—
And held each book
 A truthful book,
 The truth in everything.

And from these books all Jupiter
Took sides in a review:
Was one book right, 'tis logical
The other wasn't true:
And as these men could not concur,
The clergymen of Jupiter
Have written books
 And written books
 To prove each point of view.
JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

CAPS AND GOWNS*

BY ELDER STEPHEN L. RICHARDS, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE
TWELVE.

In the presence of so distinguished a company I labor under a high degree of tension. I have always had an awful and fearful respect for caps and gowns. I suppose it is born of the mystery this scholastic apparel enfolds. You never can tell what is concealed by the long black gown. Usually there is a body with arms and hands, legs and feet. I am told that a digestive apparatus is often discovered, and in instances somewhat rare, a searching investigation has revealed the existence of a heart, not wholly normal, it is true, but still susceptible to certain highly educated feelings and emotions. It is often, however, found to be entirely devoid of the attribute of human sympathy, particularly for the feeble efforts of common folk, and perhaps that in large measure accounts for my fear. But I fear the caps, too. There is mystery associated with them. You never can tell what is under one of them. They say it is common to find a head with nose and eyes, mouth and ears, and occasionally hair. Brains have been found, and in one or two instances, common sense. Now common sense, is so essential to the understanding of common people, and the college cap is so well adapted to the concealment of it, that it is of little wonder that it accentuates my nervous apprehension as I stand in its mysterious, awful presence.

Knowing now the effect which these academic costumes produce upon me, you will naturally wonder why I appear before you tonight regaled in one of them. I can best account for the apparent inconsistency by telling you a story.

Years ago in our neighboring state of Nevada the lawyers of that state projected a great meeting of the bar. Lawyers were summoned from all parts of the state to participate in the meeting and festivities which were to culminate in a grand banquet with the usual accompaniment of speeches and toasts. It became the function of the committee on arrangements to select the toastmaster for this great occasion. They finally, after considerable deliberation and some hesitancy, chose a lawyer who at one time had clearly been the leader of the bar of the state, but who in the years immediately preceding the great occasion had declined from his position of eminence, occasioned by giving way to his appetite for drink. He had become a drunkard and a gambler, and had lost nearly all his practice and the respect of decent people. The committee felt, however, that owing to the distinction he had theretofore attained, he should be selected; but they wondered how he would attempt before his associates to account for his disreputable

*Baccalaureate sermon delivered in the Utah Stake Tabernacle, May 31, 1925, to the graduating class, Brigham Young University.

conduct and respond to his introduction as toastmaster. He did so in the following manner. He said in substance:

"Gentlemen: I suppose my selection as toastmaster will be a surprise to some of you. It is no surprise to me. I recognize that during the last several years I have been coming down the ladder. I have been drinking; I have dissipated my energies and wasted my strength. And I recognize too, while I have been going down hill, many of my friends here have been climbing fast. They have improved their opportunities and have made great strides forward; so that, while I have been gradually going down and down, they have steadily been coming up and up until, gentlemen, we are now about on a level."

And now, fellow students, I want to talk to you "on the level" as a man talks to his friend, not with the disparity that exists between your high academic standing and my humble one, nor as preacher to the laymen but as associates engaged in a common cause, seeking to reach common ends. It is only so that I may hope for your sympathy and confidence.

May I first make a statement of some great things to be ever held in view. I assume, of course, in making this statement that you are sympathetic with the ideals and high purposes for which the University and the Church which supports it, stand.

"God is a Father, Man is a Brother;
Life is a Mission and not a Career."

Our mission is service to God and humanity. Our goal is Salvation. Our Church is divine, divine in origin, divine in its authority and in the inspiration of its operation.

The Church was made for man, not man for the Church. It is in essence an aggregation of quorums, agencies and facilities instituted of God, and maintained under the power of the Holy Priesthood for the salvation of the souls of men. It is not an end in itself. It is a means to an end, the ultimate objective being the saving of our Father's children.

Through the Church we proclaim the gospel, teach its principles and administer its ordinances.

We interpret the gospel in the light of revelation and inspiration and in terms of life and living. It is more than a theology. It is a philosophy of life and a program of living.

Our surest way to function as instrumentalities of service is to make the Church function. We must therefore conform to its discipline and government and preserve the integrity and usefulness of its institutions.

Lastly, to bring to function as instrumentalities of service is to entail the consecration of our time, talents and energies to the God and the Church we serve.

If you accept these statements, and for this occasion I must assume you do, then I should like to discuss with you for a little while, how

you and I wear these caps and gowns, and as beneficiaries of the generosity of our Church may contribute most effectively to the realization of her hopes and aims. I make my suggestions humbly, being fully aware that you may have thought of better ways than I, and that my ideas may seem old and trite.

I am sure we require more efficient help in discovering the needs of the Church and her people. No organized body, social, politic or religious, ever makes satisfactory progress without a thorough understanding of the actions, tendencies and psychology of its constituency. To arrive at such an understanding entails intelligent observation and careful survey. Guess-work furnishes an unsafe foundation on which to estimate and build. We do not tolerate it in material construction or business. We demand the accuracy of the engineer and the accountants. We would not hazard a dollar without them. While human tendencies, traits and actions are not so susceptible of definite measurement as brick and profits, yet through careful study and investigation, data may be secured which will furnish a safer basis on which to legislate and proceed than that now available to us. I am not unmindful of the gift of discernment which comes to the inspired worker in the Church. It has been of untold value and will continue so to be. It will assist the student in his investigations and surveys, and every true officer in the Church in the administration of his office. It is expected, however, that that gift shall reward the sincere, intelligent, prayerful effort of the student and worker. The Church is reliant upon you, its trained, intelligent students and thinkers, to scientifically discover its needs and lay the foundation for remedies and advancements, when you are called into leadership, of course.

Such interesting and important questions as these will call for your attention:

Why do not our sacrament meetings have a larger appeal to the people generally and to young folks in particular?

What is the attitude of the average young "Mormon" toward the ordinance of the sacrament, the priesthood as a principle and institution of power, the quorum as a fraternity of men, the Sabbath as the Lord's day, the Word of Wisdom as the law of health and the law of God, our conception of the human body as the tabernacle of the Spirit, the literal child of God; Temple marriage as the foundation of our celestial glory, and many other vital principles of the gospel and activities of the Church.

If you imagine such questions are easy to answer, I beg of you to submit your answers to the General Authorities without delay, for I assure you they are sorely perplexed about them. If on the other hand you recognize their serious import to the Church and the difficulties attendant upon their solution, you will discover that a study of the needs and conditions of the Church constitutes a great field of endeavor which challenges the highest and best trained intellects we can produce. It will be a contribution you are to make.

When the needs of the Church are found it is needless to say, remedies must be provided and constructive programs projected. Your trained minds will find useful application in this service, and while the Church is governed from its head, it will be remembered that those who create its policies and set forth its programs derive no small portion of their ideas and inspiration from association with and observation of the workers in the field, so that your influence on the general policies of the Church will be felt long before you arrive at places of eminence in its general government.

Let me here say that what I have said with reference to the Church; discovering its needs and suggesting remedies, applies equally well to community and other organizations where the welfare of the people is concerned. If any happen to be not identified with the Church, their opportunities are still abundant.

Another item that will make demand upon your mental equipment and your common sense too, is the necessity you will discover for the proper appraisal and interpretation of Education. Education is today, generally speaking, held in popular favor. The most striking evidence of this is to be found in the large portion of state and Church revenues expended for it. Because it is widely supported, we must not be too confident, however, that it is altogether fully understood in correlation with life. One is not so sure, on hearing the expressions of some people and organizations, that a reaction may not set in, if indeed it has not already begun. Thoughtful men are watching carefully to see the definite influence of college training on such matters as business integrity, moral soundness, self-control, disturbance of traditional established faiths and many other items, some of which I shall mention later.

You have a duty not only to yourselves but to the public and to the cause of education itself to use and interpret it wisely and well. You will be called upon, not infrequently, both by yourselves and by others, to harmonize science and religion. This will be particularly true of those coming from this University, since its graduates are expected to be the exponents of both science and religion. I don't know that I can aid you much in making this contribution to society and the Church, but I take the liberty of venturing a few suggestions. In the first place, I am much inclined to the view that no one can successfully make reconciliation between science and religion who is not a first class scientist and a first class religionist. I mean by that, not that one man must know everything to be known about science and everything to be known about religion, but that one must have the true scientific attitude and understand the genius of scientific approach and research, and at the same time be endowed with the true conception and genuine spirit of religion. I am thinking that he who fails in this synchronization may well look to himself to discover his deficiency in one direction or the other or perhaps in both.

It occurs to me, too, that the field of science and the field of

religion are sufficiently distinct, one from the other in methods and application, as to forstall confusion if a few governing principles are borne in mind. Science deals generally in process, religion with ultimate facts. The scientist is content with the result of his research and experimentation, and abides by it irrespective of preconceived theory or hypothesis. The man of religion begins with the revealed truth, seeking only to interpret and apply it. There is within him a sense of conviction, a faith not dependent upon the demonstrating processes of science. He feels, he believes, he knows. The processes which bring his conviction are not subject to scientific analysis; therefore, the real scientist will not dispute the belief and knowledge of the man of religion whose soul has been touched by divine influence. Religion embraces all revealed or known truth inclusive of the truths discovered by science. Science is man's way of disclosing the hidden secrets and laws of the universe, subject, of course, to the limitations of man's power and intelligence. Truth is truth, discovered or undiscovered by man. Revealed by the research of man or the power of God, it is the same. When one believes that God has spoken, it is no reflection on his intelligence to say, "I cannot understand, but I believe." Science or God some day will enable him to understand.

The greatest confusion and perplexity seem to prevail with respect to the origin of life and its manifestations. Can we not keep our thinking straight by here bearing in mind the distinctive fields of science and religion. Science does not account for life, it seeks to analyze it. Religion accounts for it although it does not give all the processes by which it came. Since Science has not been able to produce life ought it not to be content to accept the explanation of religion, or at least abide the time when its further discoveries may bring more light and knowledge. God has told us whence we came, why we are here, and where we are going. This knowledge serves our needs. It explains life and its purpose. We welcome the discoveries of science as to the components of organic life and their functions. They subserve vital interests in the preservation of life and its usefulness. Within its proper domain, as the tool of man, for the discovery of truth, Science is king, governing the orderly marshalling of facts to assail the strongholds of error and superstition, and raising over their demolished ruins the banner of truth and pure knowledge. Outside of its domain it is a ruthless tyrant, enslaving the minds of the misguided and partly learned and killing the spirits of men. I trust you, my fellow students, to bear this message from a great University, the only University in existence where pure science and true religion are apt to be found in happy combination, to a despairing world, torn by the conflict of the deceived and billigerent disciples of these two great captains of human thought and philosophy, who when understood are really gentle and firm friends, Science and Religion.

I would not divorce your mentality from your feelings if I could, even for the purpose of discussion, but I have sought in what I have

said up to this point to stress the contributions which your intellectual equipment may be expected to bring. May I now mention a few items which your moral and spiritual strength will greatly help to sustain.

There rests upon an educated man a large and peculiar responsibility. The acquisition of knowledge and the development of his talents give him greater power, and power enlarges his influence. His personality becomes more dominant and his behavior attracts wider attention. His increased influence is a potential force for good or for ill. It is essentially a spiritual power, built of spiritual and moral attributes and conveyed through contacts which create feelings and impressions seemingly of a spiritual nature. This personal influence it is which largely accounts for the power of example.

You men and women of education, and, therefore, of large influence and leadership, will immediately enter into the practical affairs of life and take your places in the ranks of the world's workers. You will go into business, professional life, politics and society, and it is here you will make immense contributions to the welfare of men as you carry into the heart of their affairs the ideals and standards of the great institutions you represent. You will be tempted to depart from these standards. Business will tempt you. She will hold out to you the allurements of speculation, the promise of reward without labor and the emoluments of "shady" transactions. You will be offered untold opportunities to sell things—everything from a rat trap to a railroad, and you will be offered marvelous profits for your selling; profits which are to be paid by the one who buys.

You will avoid being the "cats paw" in the hand of the unscrupulous. Your conscience will forbid you ever selling an article or a property that you would not be pleased to buy yourself if you had its price and the need for it. Your high conception of honor will prompt you to pay your debts in the same money with which they were contracted. Your word will be your bond. My! You don't know how this will all help—how it will help the tone and morale of business and dignify jobs that seem almost menial.

Men in the industries everywhere recognize the need of it. Since the war the business morale and sense of honor of men have been so broken down as to constitute one of the chief barriers to the resumption of extensive trade and prosperity. Dependability, mutual faith and confidence are the things so sorely needed. They are essentially religious products and, thank the Lord, they are a part of your equipment.

Professional life will not be without its insidious appeals. It involves relationships of a fiduciary nature where trust and confidences are liberally reposed. It offers unbounded opportunities to take advantage and it also demands the highest standards of ethical conduct. You will uphold these standards, and I like to contemplate the unmeasurable gain to the professions and those whom they serve by the entrance into them of such men and women as you,

Politics will call you shortly. In its better sense it is not a call to be ignored. You will make a choice of party affiliation and then someone's friends, opportunity prompted, will prevail on him to run for office. If he is nominated and there are two candidates, he has a fifty percent chance of election—unless he is a Democrat. If he happens to be of that species it is most likely that any advice for conduct in office will not apply. And after all I am much more interested in making suggestions to those out of office than those who are in: first, because they constitute by far the larger number, and secondly, because they are going to choose those who will be in office.

I look to you University men and women to maintain the high ideals and ethics of true citizenship. I believe you will not place party above country and let the lust for office distort your judgment of the public good. I trust you, too, never to affiliate yourselves with an organization, society, or club whose aims and practices do not square one hundred percent with *genuine Americanism*. You may not be aware of the dangers threatening the Republic from this source. I warn you of them. As a guiding thought I commend the suggestion that the organizations of your Church and the legitimately established institutions of your government furnish ample opportunity for the expression of your talents and the expenditure of your energies. I believe you will scrutinize all other organizations with great care before you give allegiance to them. Your country needs you. I know you will not fail her.

And now, my brothers and my sisters, may I take you into my inner confidence and tell you what I think your greatest contribution to your Church and Nation will be. I don't know that you have thought much about it. Your minds have been on the goals of attainment you aspire to reach, but your hearts have been telling you a story, a story as old as the race, that usually ends in love and home. These stories of the heart, although filled with romance, poetry and pathos are the truest stories ever told, and the most vital, too, to the progress of men and civilization.

No one can over-estimate the value of a good home. It is the most important institution of society, since it produces the very constituency of society, men and women. It concerns every aspect of life and living.

To the educated and intellectual, its import and mission should be particularly clear for it is the student and scientist who have set forth the clearest visions of its influence. Criminologists tell us that most of our delinquencies originate in bad or neglected homes. Economists say that the training of the home is largely responsible for the thrift, industry, and prosperity of the nation. Doctors advise us that the health of the people depends on its care and teachings, and the eugenicist assures us that the whole trend of human happiness, intelligence, goodness and endurance depends upon it.

Do you know that statisticians have scientifically calculated that the

United States will support a population of not to exceed two hundred million people, and that we are very rapidly approaching this "point of saturation." The character of the nation and its destiny depend almost entirely on the families who shall make up the two hundred million. Will they be families descended from the old stocks of America who set up her great institutions and who have fought for and fostered her liberty, her equity, and her justice, or will they be families imported from backward nations of the old world in the stream of whose blood does not course the great impulses, the indomitable will, and idealism which have been and are the genius of our democracy? Such questions must give pause and concern to every lover of America.

To us of the Church, the home has an enlarged significance that is subordinate to nothing else in life, for it constitutes not only the source of our greatest happiness here in this life, but also the foundation of our exaltation and glory in the life to come.

After all, it is essentially a religious institution. It has its origin in religious ceremony. It is the fulfilment of divine command. Its government is of a religious nature, and the finest of its products are spiritual.

So it is here in the humble and yet exalted institution of the home that I find the greatest opportunity and mission for "caps and gowns." I am sorry to say, however, that the record does not disclose a very creditable response to this big opportunity and obligation. College graduates have not always been good home makers. Recently published data informs us that the average number of children in the families of the bootblacks of America is slightly over four, while the average number of children in the families of school teachers is slightly under two. Now it may be that two school teachers exercise more and better influence than four bootblacks, but how long will it take on the present respective rates of increase for the bootblacks to crowd out the school teachers? I present this illustration not in derogation of people who follow humble vocations, but to emphasize the fact that the world supply of intelligence, goodness and beauty is largely a matter of propagation.

There is in this respect a traditional and rather well advertised distinction which our people enjoy. They have been noted for their large families and had they been better understood they would be famous for their good families. Children have been our best crop and in the good old homes there has been an abundance of them. Eight, ten and a dozen in a family were common numbers.

What families they have been! In days of privation and starving, how they have stood together; the sacrifices which they have made, one for another; the love, the service, and nobility which have come from these great homes will probably never be known to men; but God knows of it and I think that if he were to speak now of the accomplishments of his Church in the first century of its existence, he would mention first the noble fathers and mothers who, in log cabins of the

frontier or mansions of luxury, have served him faithfully as priests and priestesses in the temple of the home.

Your people and your God call upon you, my friends, to maintain the integrity, the purity, and the high purposes of this sacred institution. I trust that no one of you will ever so yield to the insidious appeals of selfishness, vanity, and the world, as to be swerved from so doing. To warn of a great danger I must speak of it more specifically. I do so most reverently. If it shall please the Lord to send to your home a goodly number of children, I hope, I pray, you will not deny them entrance. If you should, it would cause you infinite sorrow and remorse. One has said that he could wish his worst enemy no worse hell than this, that in the life to come someone might approach him and say, "I might have come down into the land of America and done good beyond computation, but if I came at all I had to come through your home and you were not man enough or woman enough to receive me. You broke down the frail footway on which I must cross, and then you thought you had done a clever thing."

I know you will not yield. With you, with your fine equipment of knowledge, devotion and great vision, this ideal of your people is safe.

I should here close but I must beg a moment more to present a thought that has been running through my mind and I hope through yours in this discussion.

To what are we indebted for the lofty conceptions of life and opportunity we have here feebly endeavored to set forth? It is to the gospel, the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The gospel is the embodiment of all truth. The Lord is its author. The most precious part of all your equipment is your knowledge of that fact, your testimony. Without it your knowledge and training would be perverted and your vision distorted. Intellectuality you might possess, but intelligence, the great capacity to comprehend God's truth, that intelligence which is the Glory of God, would be denied you.

In all the fervor of my soul, in the love I bear you, I pray you may preserve your faith and your testimonies. Be tolerant and broad-minded. Be truly scientific, but be true to the faith of your fathers. Let the world know that "Caps and Gowns" of this University lead not to agnosticism, heresy and apostasy, but to pure knowledge, faith and trust in God. Amen.

October

Country lanes bordered with sumac red;
 Peaks dimmed with a purple haze;
 Pumpkins aglow 'mid foliage dead,
 Hills painted a scarlet maze.
 Carpets of green o'er each fallowed field,
 Barns crowded with winter's store,
 Hearts well content with the harvest yield—
 This is the Fall we adore.

Ogden, Utah.

IVY WILLIAMS STONE.

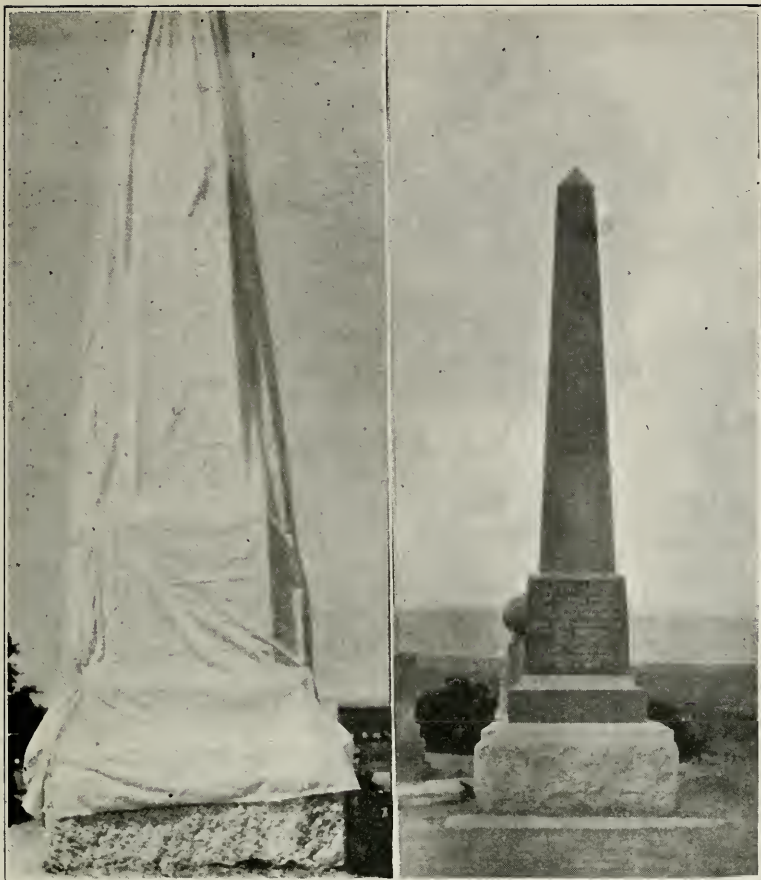


Photo by John Ravsten

Left: Martin Harris monument before it was unveiled.

Right: Martin Harris monument as it appeared after unveiling, July 10, 1925, the 50th anniversary of his death.

The inscription on the monument reads:

"Martin Harris, one of the Three Witnesses to the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Born Easttown, Saratoga County, New York, May 18, 1783; died Clarkston, Utah, July 10, 1875."

The monument stands 15 feet high and the shaft is of "Rock of Ages" polished granite. It is twelve feet high and is set on a four-foot-one-inch block of Utah granite which rests on a cement base set six feet into the ground. Martin Harris left the Church in early days, but came to Utah, August 29, 1870, and rejoined the Church shortly afterward, then removed to Smithfield, and later to Clarkston, Utah, where he died.

President Heber J. Grant, Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon and other Church officials were in attendance at the exercises. The program conducted by the stake presidency consisted of songs and speeches and a brief life-sketch of Martin Harris. President Grant, who some years ago consecrated the Oliver Cowdery memorial in Richmond, Mo., dedicated the Clarkston monument in a short and eloquent prayer, preceded by happy remarks upon the life and character of Martin Harris, showing that he never faltered in his testimony as it appears in the Book of Mormon. After the services the Church officials and family numbering about 200, were served with a banquet in the stake tabernacle.

The Pioneers

The ranks of the peers are thinning,
The tread of the march goes slow.
As the feet that have pressed to the innings,
Turn into the twilight glow.

Mid heraldic pomp and vesture,
The cavalcade austere,
Moves on to its last adventure
In the file of the Pioneer.

The nations stand at attention,
The cities cordon their streets,
In proud acclaim and convention,
An empire honors and greets.

And the hands of the empire builders
Clasp hands with the old compeers,
Mid a structure that bewilders
The width of the hemispheres.

They have builded their Rock of Ages
High into the firmament,
And their script on history's pages
Spans over a continent.

Theirs the art and science of merit,
If they failed they faught again,
And the bonus their children inherit,
Falls clean from the hands of men.

Fling out the holiday streamers,
Let pageantry gird the plain,
As the feet of the soil redeemers
March on to their last campaign.

A prayer goes up from the nation,
As the slow file disappears,
And the souls of a generation
Pledge deep to the Pioneers.

Mesa, Arizona

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

JOSEPH SMITH—AND THE GREAT WEST

II

Why the Slaveholders Desired the Rockies—and Beyond

BY I. K. RUSSELL.

AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES," "ROMANCE OF THE HOLES IN THE BREAD." ETC.

When Joseph Smith assembled the "Mormon" people in Kirtland, Ohio, and later in Independence, Missouri, and then in Nauvoo, Illinois, we have already stated, in the opening paper of this series, that he assembled them in a country which it was previously determined no New Englanders should ever have or hold.

Bitter persecution immediately became their lot. Their years of peace in Missouri were not even two in number. We know that in January, 1831, Oliver Cowdery, Parley P. Pratt, Ziba Petersen, Peter Whitmer, Jr., and Frederick G. Williams led the vanguard of the "Mormons" into western Missouri. No one who knows the theology of the "Mormon" people, or their interest since 1831, in the fate of the American Indian will need to be told that the object of these "Mormon" missionaries was honestly stated by the Prophet when he styled it a "mission to the Lamanites on Missouri's western borders."

Everywhere in the Church a picture is held in high esteem which shows Joseph Smith himself "preaching to the Lamanites," and "preaching to the Lamanites" has been a persistent purpose of the Church ever since. Its missions to their country flowed out of Kirtland in the very beginning, and out of Utah to the Arizona and New Mexican country at the very beginning of Utah history. It could not, indeed, be otherwise, considering the nature of the revelations through which the Prophet found his life work upon this earth.

As trite as these facts are, it is necessary to restate them here in order to throw up against them, in marked contrast, the way Joseph Smith's "mission to the Lamanites" was taken in a certain section of America. There it threw the people into a passion. Bitter hatred poured out from this group of American states upon the "Mormons" and all their works.

And this bitter hatred expressed itself in one charge only—Joseph Smith, under *pretense* of preaching to the Indians was really *preaching to the slaves*. A careful study of the documents produced at the mass meetings, in which the first mob violence was planned for the "Mormons" in Missouri, shows that those attending were stirred to violence by one anti-"Mormon" charge, and this *one alone*. This charge was that Joseph Smith and his "Mormons" were "*interfering with Missouri's men of color.*"

Of course, anyone who knows the story of the rise of the "Mormon" Church knows that Joseph Smith had no mission to lead in the controversy over Slavery. He was intent upon setting up the Church that had a principal work to do in the Dispensation of the Fulness of Time. And this work, a message to the Indians, was a principal factor. It was the message of hope and good cheer when the tide of their affairs was at a very low ebb. To the Missourians, however, this was a preposterous thought. Not knowing the "Mormon" religious views towards the Indians they interpreted all things with regard to what they did know—the Southern man's hatred of the Northern abolitionist. And if the Saints were without intent to organize methods to break up slavery, and to undermine Missouri affairs with an underground railroad for escaping slaves, others were not so bereft of these intentions, which gave the South real cause for alarm.

Thus Joseph Smith preached to the Indians, and perhaps was unaware of the enormous bitterness held towards New Englanders in Missouri. But if his conduct was without deliberately provocative acts, that of his native state, Vermont, was not. At the very moment the mobs of Missouri arose to hurl the "Mormon" people beyond Missouri's border, the legislature of Vermont started an entirely new phase of the slavery controversy. It duly petitioned the Congress of the United States that slavery was a *sin*, and should be abolished *as such*.

This was the first state among the states to take up the issue as a matter of formal state petitions to the Federal government. It was also the first time the issue had been put forcibly in the terms of *religion*, not of economics and labor policies.

Anyone who knows political affairs knows that when politicians see their issues pass over to religious control, they know that their days are numbered for arguing, and that the time for fighting soon will be drawing near.

Thus Joseph Smith and his people became, in Missouri, the focal point of a New England thrust against slavery, and the one point at which Southern sympathizers could reach *Northern people*. Therefore, over and above all other issues for controversy and misunderstanding, the "Mormons" committed one gigantic offence by settling in Missouri. They attempted as New Englanders to *settle in a land where it was determined no New Englanders should ever dwell*. Scratch the back, then, of a Missouri mobocrat and, outside of a few clergymen, you find a man determined on holding Missouri to the Southern cause. Read the newspaper accounts of the expulsion of the Saints, and test them by this rule. Almost invariably you find those papers, which later became Free State papers, denouncing the expulsion. You find those that gloated over the troubles of the Saints to be, in another decade, Secessionist papers.

These items have always appeared as casual fragments of the story of Missouri and Nauvoo. For instance, one of the Missourians who

came upon the trail of the Prophet with a *Missouri writ*, after he had removed into Illinois, was set upon by townspeople of Pawpaw Grove, thirty miles from Dixon. And how like the spirit of Bleeding Kansas, which appeared after the "Mormons" had removed themselves from the scene of growing Civil War hatreds, does the message given to this Missourian sound. Joseph Smith was a prisoner of Joseph H. Reynolds, agent of Missouri, sent to secure his person. He had duly accepted arrest at Dixon, making no other defense than to ask friends to secure a lawyer for him and seek out a legal writ of habeas corpus. Reynolds proceeded with his prisoner to Pawpaw and there David Town, a citizen in no way sympathetic to the "Mormons" but also a citizen who knew the oncoming strife over slavery spoke up to Missouri's agent:

"You damned infernal Puke, (a pet nick-name for Missourians) we'll learn you to come here and interrupt gentlemen. Sit down there and sit still. If you never learned manners in Missouri we'll teach you that gentlemen *are not to be imposed upon by a nigger-driver*. You cannot kidnap men here. There is a committee in this grove that will sit on your case; and, sir, it is the highest tribunal in the United States, *and from its decision there is no appeal*."

The Missouri agent sat right down beneath this tirade of an aged, lame abolitionist, and allowed Joseph Smith to address a multitude of people who had called upon him for a speech. At its conclusion they turned the party right around and headed it for Nauvoo where, they concluded, it was perfectly legal to hear the writs against him.

This was possibly the first, but far from the last time pro-slaver and abolitionist met at close quarters with the "Mormon" leader as the issue between them. All who know the Church's story know how Colonel Thomas L. Kane hurried to Utah ahead of Johnston's Army and went to Johnston's camp as an envoy from the President of the United States. Also how he there challenged the commander of Johnston's Army to a duel and broke with him, and soon had arranged for a Peace Commission to supplant this army's power in Utah affairs. It was only a little while after this that Johnston was hurrying on to answer the South's call and to ride to his death as the Southern commander at the Battle of Shiloh, while the great friend of the "Mormons" was riding into battle on the Northern side, and emerging a cripple for life from an almost fatal wound.

In its proper place we shall present the scene in the Congress of the United States as the petition from Vermont was read denouncing slavery as a sin and asking for its abolition as a crime against Christianity. We shall show how this occurred simultaneously with the raising of the cry in Missouri that Joseph Smith, son of Vermont, *was tampering with our men of color*.

As we go a little deeper into the politics of that hour we find that Joseph Smith looked westward for a haven of refuge for his people and that when his heart settled upon Upper California, the same pro-slave interests that wanted him out of Missouri, determined

to keep him out of the Far West. Utah and California, along with Texas, New Mexico, and Oregon were dedicated to the pro-slave cause, and active work began to seize them for Slavery, as early as 1824. Once we realize the enormous desire of certain states to gain and hold territory in the Far West for slavery, we shall recognize without difficulty a series of events as being closely linked together in a regular sequence. All are now known, but only as isolated incidents.

This sequence begins with the colonizing of Texas from *Virginia, and Kentucky*, the same indentical states which were seeking to colonize Missouri when Joseph Smith's New Englanders intruded into the state in sad disruption of their plans.

The sequence includes the working up of a Mexican War, the annexation of Texas, the driving through to the West Coast, the expulsion of the "Mormons" from Missouri, the following of them through into Illinois, the rush of Boggs to precede them to California, as soon as he could organize after the martyrdom of the Prophet, and—final act in the Far Western pro-slave drama—the sending of Johnston's Army to seat a *Southern governor* in the Utah gubernatorial chair. This was Slavery's last powerful gesture; only "Bleeding Kansas," John Brown's raid, and Sumpter remained before the final rupture. Historians like to tell how Brigham Young faced President Buchanan down and "defeated" him in the "Utah rebellion." But they have not measured the sequence here given in their narratives. For before President Buchanan made *peace* with Brigham Young, over the issue of Johnston's Army, he made *war* upon his own cabinet. He drove forth from it, for instance, Secretary of War Floyd, and a very few hours ahead of court martial charges for treason, and he officially erased Floyd's name from the camp in Utah where Johnston's Army had made its permanent headquarters.

Buchanan was a Pennsylvania Irishman who ended pro-slave days in Washington when he scourged the pro-slave members of his Cabinet out of it, made peace with Brigham Young, and aimed National affairs towards the destiny through which Lincoln carried it to victory, while Brigham Young backed him with men and arms and all the help it was possible for a Utah governor to give.

It is now necessary to start at the very beginning of this trail and there, curiously enough, we find Andrew Jackson and Joseph Smith.

The economic situation through which both of these great leaders played their parts contains the key to all that followed on the Slavery issue. The British warships were at the seat of the issue. England declared against the Slave Trade and ordered her men of war to seize slave ships and liberate enslaved persons.

But slavery flourished in the United States, and this act of England's suddenly threw the market from a foreign to a domestic one. The slave auction blocks were up and down the Mississippi river. But Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky were the great breeding states.

Market there must be—a constantly expanding market, or the slaves of the breeding states would overbreed their sales possibilities. To keep the price up the pro-slave leaders of the South saw, as early as 1820, that new territory must be annexed to America—and must be pro-slave in character when it was annexed.

In this year, 1820, the Missouri Compromise act was passed. It left Missouri to become a pro-slave state unless its people should otherwise decree. But the Mason-Dixon line was also drawn, and who would it pocket up? The people of New England thought it would pocket up the South in the tight little corner then inhabited.

But the people of the South determined it should pocket up New England in its own tight little corner of America where they jeered that the thrifty Yankees, "kept the holy day and everything else they could get their hands on." How would the South see that New England was held in its own little pocket?

By seeing to it that the South *pushed through to the West Coast*, and on down through Texas to the Rio Grande. Also that the South settle the middle-west, to the exclusion of Yankees in Missouri and even in Illinois as fully as it was possible to keep them out.

The first fruit of this policy, it happens, brought Joseph Smith into the picture, although he was not then an active participant. After Andrew Jackson and his friends had decided that the breeding states must have a larger slave market, the first territory that seemed available was the tract that had been ceded by Virginia to the United States government, and known at first as the Northwest Territory.

Its chief settlement was then at Vincennes, in the Wabash valley, and from Vincennes the present five states of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan were governed. William Henry Harrison of "Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-Too" fame, was the Governor, and I have visited his home in Vincennes where elaborate kitchens and bed rooms for the slaves made up the basement floor, and I saw there the still remaining layers of mud and willows between the ceiling rafters so that the slaves below would not hear the secrets discussed in the Governor's council room above.

As Kentuckians poured over into the Northwest Territory and thus aroused the Indian leader Tecumseh to battle, they found a little trick had been played upon them. For Massachusetts, even at that early date, had been trying to pocket up the pro-slave territory, and Congressman Nathan Dane of Massachusetts had slipped a little line into the deed of acceptance which few had noted at the time. Twenty years later it was to prove a thorn in the side of Southern flesh. Nathan Dane's little line was that "The states to be made from the Northwest territory shall be free-state territory."

The fertile valleys of the Northwest territory lured the slave holders but they had forgotten the trick clause slipped by a Massachusetts congressman into the territory's organic act.

Thus distinguished citizens of Kentucky and Virginia began to

pour down into the Wabash valley at the time of the Missouri Compromise, *bringing many slaves with them*. They were already, in 1820, counting the nine states that could be made up out of Texas, if it could be annexed, and the way these nine states would overwhelm New England's power in Congress, through giving the South a larger representation. They were also counting the advantages of pushing on to the West Coast and carving one pro-slave state after another out of the Far West to hold down New England's power.

But we all know it was not American destiny to have events take this course. Joseph Smith wanted to go to the Far West for another reason than to carve slave states out of it. He saw England covetously landing marines and arms on the Columbia, and establishing English outposts even in our own Ogden valley, to watch the South Pass Gateway to the coast. He wanted to go West—and in that desire pointed the real path of American destiny.

But in the meanwhile, the issue took concrete form in the valley of the Wabash. Uncle Sam owned the valley that Paul Dresser made famous in his immortal song. And Uncle Sam had soldiers from the War of 1812 who might be paid with land grants. The Congress of the United States opened a Land Office in Washington, and, in June 1816, issued Land Warrant Number 1. The important thing about this warrant, for the purposes here under consideration was that it was granted to a citizen of New York state. His name was Abraham Markle. To take up his land grant, he embarked on the Allegheny river, floated down to the Ohio, and down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash. Up this stream he poled his two ratts until he came to Governor General Harrison's famous mansion. But he found no welcome there. He poled on up the river 40 miles. "Damned yankee" was already known as one word in that country, and the future wife of Jefferson Davis was playing around the Harrison home. "Old Zachary" Taylor himself was a hero of the country, and had lived in the Harrison house before going forth on the career that made him the second American president to emerge from its front door.

Abraham Markle, the New York miller, with the papers for Land Grant No. 1 in his pocket, poled on up the river to the ruins of a fort built by America's ninth president, in fear of a battle which actually had been fought there by the man who afterwards became America's twelfth president. Markle stopped at these ruins of old Fort Harrison and built a flouring mill. Other Northerners followed him down the Ohio, and found a scant welcome at Vincennes, where many Southerners had followed William Tecumseh Harrison and Zachary Taylor up the Mississippi from the South. The Northerners poled on up to Markle's mill, where they founded Terre Haute. In the early twenties, when they had barely got a town hall built, a stranger came into their midst, a Northerner like themselves, who was to draw the first fire, perhaps, of the Slavery Issue. This stranger was John W. Osborne. He was an editor, and he arrived in a cart with a

printing press and a very dirty outfit of clothes. He told a weird tale, the significance of which could not be gleaned for another half century, any more than the significance of a Missouri writ holder seeking Joseph Smith's person could be so gleaned at the time it happened.

The tale John W. Osborne told was that he found the citizens of Vincennes indulging in the open sale of slaves *over the Kentucky border*, although the clause Congressman Nathan Dane of Massachusetts had put into the Northwest Territory enabling act, provided that this should be Free State territory.

Osborne had duly protested in his paper, which he had established in Vincennes—the *Western Star*. And the Kentucky folks he had addressed, instead of thanking him for pointing out the law, had mobbed his office and smashed up his paper. They had warned him to get out of town. He had taken the warning and had departed for Terre Haute. But the ruffians had followed him and at a lonely point on the road had tipped his cart over, further harming his printing press.

And here he was—all ready again to open up in the Abolitionist cause!

The people of Terre Haute wanted to get on with the folks at Vincennes and restrained him. But two itinerant preachers came to town and these served as an outlet for his scrivening talents. These preachers were Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon. They spoke in Terre Haute's new town hall and John W. Osborne, a persecuted, mobbed and driven editor of a once-suppressed abolitionist paper, printed the story of their sermons!

These sermons of Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon in Terre Haute were only two of many that elders of the Church made in that city. But what is here significant is that these sermons were preached at the beginning of the persecution of the Saints.

This was just the time, too, when Joseph Smith made his famous prophecy concerning a war to commence in South Carolina:

"For behold, the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States. * * * And it shall come to pass, after many days slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war."

We know now that the issue of Slavery had been acute in Virginia and Massachusetts from the beginning of the nineteenth century, and that it had already reached a point of mobocratic action at the time Joseph Smith prophesied concerning the dire consequences sure to come from this issue.

Thus the prophet spoke to the issues of his times, here as elsewhere, for it is well known that many of his prophecies followed prayers to the Lord for light on some issue deeply stirring him.

Indeed, the prophet said as much, in 1843, when he declared to the Saints at Ramus, near Nauvoo: "I prophecy in the name of the Lord God, that the commencement of the difficulties which will cause much bloodshed previous to the coming of the Son of Man will be in

South Carolina. It may probably arise through the slave question. This a voice declared to me while I was praying very earnestly on the subject, December 25, 1832."

From the destruction of the *Western Star*, printed by Editor Osborne, at Vincennes, it was only a simple step and a simple gesture to the destruction of the *Evening and Morning Star*, at Independence, Mo. The *Evening and Morning Star* was published by the Saints as their first organ. When it was destroyed by a mob on July 20, 1833, Bishop Edward Partridge was treated to a coat of tar and feathers. Thus began for the Saints a bitter period of persecution and pillage. How the hatreds which brought this about and dominated policies towards the Saints, had their beginnings in the first Southern attempt to escape the rigors of the Mason-Dixon line through expansion into Texas, in 1822, will be the subject of the next succeeding chapter. In it we shall trace more false charges brought against the inhabitants of Texas to justify the pro-slave invasion of that territory than were brought against the Saints in Missouri. And we shall see how there germinated here the ambition both to take Texas and then rush on clear across the continent to California.

REFERENCES

1. Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri says in his *Thirty Years in the U. S. Senate*, (vol. 2, pp. 150) that "the most angry and portentous debate which had yet taken place in Congress, occurred over the introduction by Congressman William Slade of Vermont of a resolution on slavery." Senator Benton described how the pro-Slave congressmen left the House in a tumultuous uproar.

2. The St. Louis, Mo., *News*, in commenting on the arrest of the "Mormon" leaders in Missouri, said: "Although many of the 'Mormons' deserve hanging, as an atonement for their criminal proceedings and corrupt intentions, they are truly objects of charity. But if this intrinsically vagrant race would relieve themselves from the humiliating necessity of asking charity, they should mind their own business, *abandon abolition*, and apply themselves to hard labor."

In marked contrast to this pro-Slave paper, the New York *Sun* said: "Captain Bogart must be very much like a blackguard and a coward if he is not a candidate for both titles. He is one of those who started the horrible stories of the cutting up of the Missourians, fifty at a batch, by the 'Mormons.' They must have a primitive mode of administering justice in Missouri. The Emperor of Russia, the Shah of Persia, or the Sultan of Turkey, could not embrace in his own person more legislative, judicial and executive power than is here assumed."

In Boston, home of *abolition*, the *Atlas* printed a letter from its own investigator which warmly took the "Mormon" side and declared their persecutors "were refuse Kentuckians and Tennesseans, intermixed with Virginians of the same caste, in whom the vice of sectional pride, which marks these people, and a prejudice against all others, especially those belonging to the free states, whom they indiscriminately brand as Yankees—is exaggerated in the highest pitch. Such persons, if they could do it, would incorporate in the Constitution of Missouri, a provision to prohibit emigrating thither of anybody not belonging to their own kith and kin."

3. *Rise and Fall of Nauvoo*, by B. H. Roberts, pp. 222.

4. The *Gazeteer of Missouri*, for 1837, gives this one and only cause for the expulsion (page 93): "The measure, although a strong and violent one, was fully justified and indispensable in consequence of the impertinent and mischievous interference of the 'Mormons' with the slaves of the country. Their threatened association with the neighboring tribes of Indians was a serious subject of alarm."

5. William Jay, *Review of the Mexican War*, Boston, 1849.
6. I. K. Russell, *Old Vigo, Hero of Terre Haut, Vincennes and Vigo County, Terre Haute*, 1925.
7. *Markle Manuscript*, in Emmeline Fairbanks' Memorial Library, Terre Haute, Indiana.
8. *Rise and Fall of Nauvoo*, by B. H. Roberts, pp. 189.

My Dream

I awoke in a garden of Heaven,
 From a slumber as deep as the grave;
 And its marvelous beauties o'er-whelmed me
 Like a soothing iridescent wave.

Near at hand, stood the Keeper of Gardens.
 He was aged, and kindly, and wise;
 And he told me the tale of the garden,
 As its glories appeared to my eyes:

"See yon oaks in the distance, out-spreading,
 Fitting symbol of strength without end?
 They are formed from the faith of the fathers,
 Staunch and true as the heart of a friend.

"And the vine on the wall, thick and verdant?
 'T is the charity lavished Below
 On the weaklings, the erring, the fallen,
 Would that more of such verdure might grow'

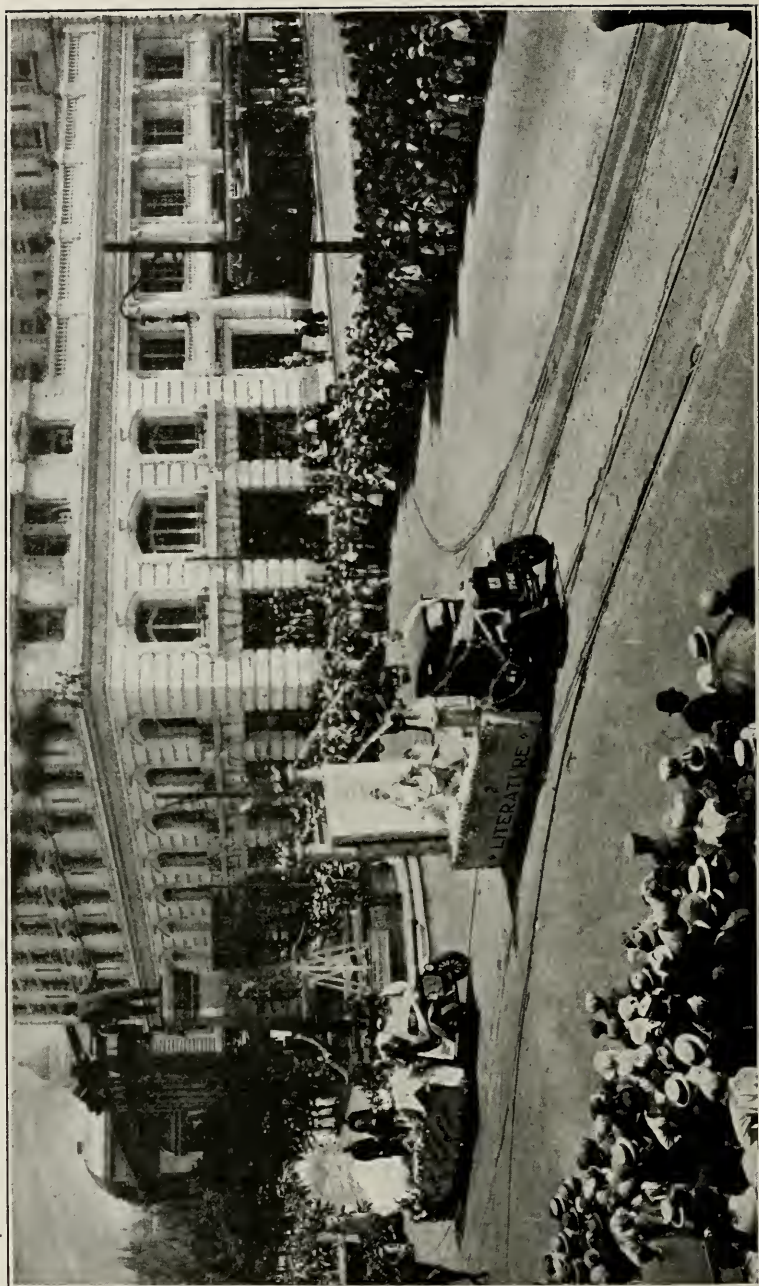
"These fair lilies—the love of a virgin,
 Pure and fresh as the breath of the dawn;
 And these roses—a mother's devotion,
 Tempest-tossed, still they bravely bloom on!"

Thus he spake, as we passed through the garden,
 And my heart flamed with joy at the thought
 That no impulse for good e'er is wasted,
 'T is the seed from which beauty is wrought.

Then we came to the heart of the garden,
 Where a fountain eternally played;
 And a rose-vine twined o'er the white marble,
 By the crystal-clear stream ever sprayed;

It was laden with buds just unfolding,
 Creamy-white, and bejeweled with dew,
 With a fragrance as sweet and enchanting
 As their beauty was charming to view.

As I turned to the Keeper of Gardens,
 With a wonderful softness he smiled,
 And he murmured, "Each blossom before you
 Is the first lisping prayer of a child!"



THE LITERATURE FLOAT IN THE GREAT M. I. A. JUBILEE PARADE, JUNE 10, 1925.

THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, Author of *One Hundred Years of Mormonism*

Part III

II Continued

Three things a leader must have:

First of all, he must have personality. We do not know what this is. As nearly as we may come at the matter, it is a spiritual emanation. "Dost thou know me?" asks the distracted Lear, and Kent answers, "No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master." Personality is an altogether elusive thing. "The mere look of the man and the sound of his voice," says Lodge, "made all who saw and heard him feel that Webster must be the embodiment of wisdom, dignity, strength, divinely eloquent." "Garibaldi," we are told, "enjoyed the worship and cast the spell of a legendary hero. Mirabeau was possessed of a secret charm that opened to him the hearts of almost all the people. Cortez spoke, and the assembly, which had gathered in a spirit of mutiny, broke up with cheers and shouts of "To Mexico! To Mexico!" To overcome unanimous opposition he met with, De Lesseps had only to show himself. He would speak briefly, and in the face of the charm he exerted his opponents became his friends. Said Vandamme of Napoleon, "That devil of a man exercises a fascination on me that I cannot explain even to myself, and in such a degree, that, although I fear neither God nor devil, when I am in his presence I am ready to tremble like a child, and he could make me go through the eye of a needle, to throw myself into the fire." Joseph Smith exercised a powerful influence by his personality. The shake of his hand magnetized. His voice silenced his opponents. Once, when he was chained and unarmed in the midst of murderous enemies, he cowed them into putting up their weapons and stopping their tongues. Brigham Young's presence was felt as soon as he entered a room, although those already there had no conscious knowledge of his entrance.

Nor can we account for personality. Of small use is it to dig into the ancestry and early environment of a Lincoln in search of the thing that made him Lincoln. Any more than we can find that subtle something in the trees of our orchard which suck up from the same soil what goes in this tree to make a mellow apple and in that a luscious peach. The thing is utterly beyond us. Doubtless we may locate in Lincoln's ancestry and early home-life some of his qualities, good and bad, and others we could find if we knew more about both. But, after all, there would be an essential residue before which we would stand in utter bewilderment. The only plausible explanation that we have been able to find is that implied in the "Mormon" doctrine

of the pre-existence of spirits, as stated in the Book of Abraham in such a quotation as that we have already given in this section. Even that, however, pushes the query another remove farther back, beyond which we cannot go.

Can personality be cultivated? To a certain extent it can. "The power of personality," says Professor Gowen, "so mystifies the beholder that he yields though unable to tell why. This indicates the power is not due to rational appeal." And so he descends into the realms of the subconscious in search of qualities to cultivate. These he believes he has found in "physical prowess," by which he harks back to a good body; in "emotional control," which gives its possessor power of decision, so as not to be swept off his feet by things which make others lose their heads; in "intellectual ability," which makes lesser mentalities say, "I never noticed that;" and in "socialized nature," a thing which enabled "the uncouth General Jackson" to take on "courtly manners" when president. No doubt to the extent that these qualities constitute personality they can be improved.

A second characteristic of great leaders is intellectual power. The Lord said, speaking of all the spirits in heaven, "I am more intelligent than they all." Therefore He is God. Men follow those who know more than they, not those who knew less. Not only so, but they follow men who know that they know. Take a group of persons in a hotel lobby, or on the street corner or in a parlor gathering, who begin talking on a subject on which they have but general information; let another person join the group who has special information on the subject of conversation; then observe how quickly silence falls on the rest and how they yield, not perhaps their judgment, but their personality to his. This is but a tribute to superior knowledge.

But intellectual power implies more than mere information. It means the power of seeing things that escape the ordinary mind. It means the ability to organize the matter perceived, to weave it into what the psychologists call concepts. It means the power to recall what is known at the time it is needed for use. It means the power to bring this mass of observations and concepts to bear upon various questions that arise and to weigh and judge them in the light reflected by this information. It means, finally, an open-minded attitude towards new material, since "the individual world is not fixed but in process, of changing, and a reshaping of old concepts to meet the demands of the new concepts. All these capabilities of the mind—observation, organization, memory, judgment, open-mindedness—indicate intellectual power in the degree in which they are possessed. And all of them can of course be cultivated.

A third characteristic of great leaders is character. In the last analysis, character is the manifestation of will, the exercise of choice. Says Emerson, "The education of the will is the object of our existence." And John Stewart Mill declares that "a character is a completely fashioned will." In life we are ever in the midst of persons,

things, ideas, influences—good and bad. Among these we are compelled to choose, and to abide by the result of our choice. "It is impossible," says Sharman, "to look into the conditions under which the battle of life is being fought, without perceiving how much really depends upon the extent to which the will-power is cultivated, strengthened, and made operative in right directions."

Will-power, too, is a complex of aspects. It implies concentration. "I don't do more, but less, than other people," said Henry Ward Beecher, when he was asked how he accomplished more than other men. "They do all their work three times over: once in anticipation, once in actuality, once in rumination. I do mine in actuality alone." And then it implies a holding on till the goal is attained. It is surprising how few persons comparatively have the power to do this. A great singer once declared that the only difference between the great and the near-great in music is that the latter did not hold on long enough. Most men "dare to do only what others do. They do not step boldly from the crowd and act fearlessly." Will-power also implies resourcefulness in emergencies. "What would you do if you were besieged in a place entirely destitute of provisions?" was one of the questions put to the cadet, Napoleon. And the answer was, "If there were anything to eat in the enemy's camp, I should not be concerned."

"Conscious power exists within the mind of everyone. Sometimes its existence is unrealized, but it is there. It is there to be developed and brought forth, like the culture of that obstinate but beautiful flower, the orchid. To allow it to remain dormant is to place one's self in obscurity, to trample on one's ambition, to smother one's faculties. To develop it is to individualize all that is best within you, and give it to the world. It is by an absolute knowledge of yourself, the proper estimate of your own value."

(To be continued in the October number)

A Sonnet on the Station of Achievement

Ambition came, a ball of blood-red fire;
Faith, purely clothed, came in white;
Hope, blessed, held her streaming light
That I might see the throng in Heaven's choir,
Who sweetly played their praises to the lyre;
And Reason whispered, "What a goodly sight,
They now but wait for Truth and Right."
But I, somewhat impatient, cried, "I tire!
Where is Success, the god Achievement's friend?"
But Honor, to waylay my error, then
Quick made answer, "Success is fairest when
She and Truth are made as one to blend.
Achievement's not a god, my son,
For lo! Behold it—Truth's guidon."

Ogden, Utah.

THERMA SCOVILLE.

THE EARTH'S CURVATURE

BY J. W. BOOTH

In the April number of the *Improvement Era* for the current year, there is an article on page 553, under the heading, "The Fourth of the Far Fifteen," by Alfred Powers, the reading of which gives one a real thrill in Boy Scout work—adventure and patriotism as well as an interesting lesson in the study of the roundity of the earth and the problem in arithmetic, of determining the curvature of this great globe on which we live. That article is well worthy of a place among the master pieces of Boy Scout literature.

I have never seen either of those wonderful peaks in question, Mount Hood is near the northern border of Oregon and Mount Shasta, almost due south, is well over into the State of California, 250 miles away. They are near the meridian of 122 west longitude in the "utmost bounds of the everlasting hills," and the writer of this is today at 37 east longitude in Aleppo, Syria, reading that fascinating challenge of the Hood River "Panthers" to the Kalmath Fall "Pelicans" to scale the frozen heights of Shasta and receive, and answer in "tongues of fire" their night-time signals from the frosty summits of Mount Hood.

The *Era* lost not one jot of the interest so creditably concealed in its pages, even in its long postal journey of "half the convex world around" and I am wondering if I can hold the interest of my readers in this simple tributary supplement to that very masterly article above mentioned.

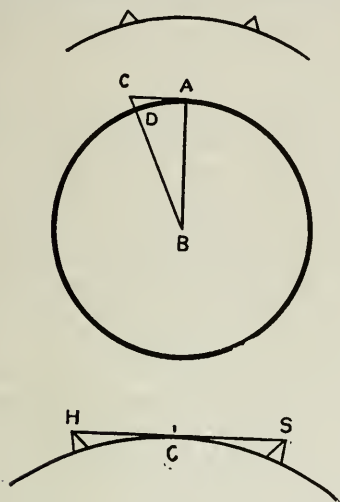
Before I had finished reading the second page, I stopped and asked myself if Mount Hood, 11,225 feet high, could be seen from Mount Shasta, 14,440 feet in altitude, and 250 miles stretching out between them. On a one minute hasty calculation I concluded it could not be seen; but a second and more studious thought with the aid of a simple diagram, as is equal to cut 1, a curved line with two projections, told me that one peak might be seen from the other on a clear day with a good glass. How did I come to make that mistake in my first calculation and then so easily correct it, all in less than five minutes? That is the interesting feature of this discussion and I want my boy scout friends to see how simple that problem is of measuring the curvature of the earth.

Now when I was a boy at school I was conspicuously noted for not being noted for anything in particular, and least of many things was I noted for being a mathematician. My brothers, John E. Booth and A. L. Booth of Provo were both well up in that branch of science, and though they did their best to get me to "see the point" they finally concluded that I was a better absorber of their sympathy than of their lesson in science.

One day A. L. made a casual remark about the "curvature of the earth." Immediately I was anxious to know how to work such an example, but right there and then, I made up my mind to discover the method myself. I supposed of course it could be worked by trigonometry or calculus or mensuration, and yet I was not even ankle-deep in algebra nor acquainted with the angles of plain geometry, yet I decided I would learn without text book or teacher, how to calculate the curve of this big ball of land and sea whose surface area is equal to two hundred millions of square miles. I thought about it but would not talk to anyone on the subject least I should get an idea

not strictly original. I reflected, but refused to read about it, so anxious was I to learn it myself.

After 16 years of waiting for an uninterrupted spell of leisure to delve into my hobby problem, I secured a quire of paper and pencils and went to work in earnest. In less than a week I had it all worked out to the hundredth part of an inch. I discovered and wrote out my own rule. Here it is copied from my old note book of many years ago. "*The earth curves in one mile, about 8 inches, or .6636+ feet, and the curvature increases as the square of the distance.*"



Top 1, center 2, bottom 3.

It would be easy for a mathematician to discover that rule or another of his own wording but it is not so easy for a boy who don't know how. The joy of discovery was well worth the time spent on it. All I used was simple eighth grade arithmetic. If you don't want to spend so much time in learning how to work the problem, just look at Cut 2 and you will have it in less than 10 minutes. You know that the square of the longest side of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

Let the circle represent the circumference of the earth. A B—the radius of 4,000 miles, nearly, A C—the distance from a point at sea level to the summit of a peak, say 500 miles away. Now D B is equal to A B being radii of the same circle. The square of A. B. plus the square of A C equals the square of C B and since that is true, it follows that the square root of the sum of the two shorter sides must be equal to the square root of the square of the long side, and the difference between the square root of the long side and the square root of the radius of the circle would equal the height of the peak. And it is

clearly seen that a light could not be observed at A from any point lower than the summit C—500 miles away. So when I read that it is 250 miles from Mount Hood to Mount Shasta, I said, "The square of 250 is 62,500, which multiplied by .6636+ gives us 41,475 feet, and a light less elevated than that could not be seen from a sea level point 250 miles distant." The combined altitude of Mount Hood, 11,225, and Mount Shasta, 14,440 as given in the article, would only be 25,665 feet, so that a light even of sun brilliance on the top of Mount Hood with Hood on the top of Mount Shasta could not have been seen 250 miles away, from sea level. Old Everest, nearly 30,000 feet high, with Mount Hood on top of it could scarcely be seen from a ship in the Indian Ocean 250 miles to the south.

Then wherein was I mistaken in my first conclusion that one of these peaks in question could not be seen from the summit of the other? I *was* mistaken. They *can be seen* and the boys have demonstrated it.

Now a glance at Cut 3 will convince the reader that if a light at C could be seen from both peaks, H and S at once, then a fire at the summit of each of them could be seen from the other peak. If H and S were of equal altitudes then their summits would be visible from each other at a distance just twice as great as that from which a light, as at C, could be seen from either peak. But Mount Shasta is 14,440 feet high and calculating conversely we find the square root of 14,440 (a number which multiplied by itself makes 14,440) or 120+ and that divided by .6636+ the curvature for one mile equals 180 miles, a distance from which at sea level that peak could be seen. Likewise Mount Hood, 11,225 feet high, the square root of which is practically 106, divided by .6636, would give us 159 miles. This total distance then, 180 plus 159, is 339 miles, and were there only open sea level between them the two peaks could display their red lights one to the other even though they were 339 miles apart.

Looming up thousands of feet in the Cascade Range, between Mount Hood and Mount Shasta, and only a trifle out of direct line, are Mount Jefferson. The Three Sisters, Diamond Peak, Mount Thielser, Mount McLaughlin and others, most any one of which, had it been at mid distance and in direct line of light, would have kept the rays of Shasta's red fire from the eager eye of the boys on Mount Hood on the night of July 4th, 1923 at 10:30 p. m.

Now, Boy Scouts, after I have given you this one peep into the method of measuring the rotundity of the earth, let me give you an example for practice.

You are on a mountain 10,000 feet high. From the top of this you can see to the north a peak 100 miles away, to the east is one 50 miles away. Another to the south 60 miles distant and the fourth to the west 40 miles away from you. You have a true spirit level with you, and whichever way you test it, you see that the summit of each peak is on a dead level with that from which you

take your measurements. What is the altitude of each of the four peaks?

The Teton Peaks Council of Boy Scouts of America have recently sent me some interesting letters and literature from which I am getting some splendid lessons to hand over to some of the boys and girls of Syria. Any of that famous "Fifteen" of Hood River or Kalmath Falls who happen to read this article will favor us if they send a personal letter with their greeting to the boys of the Near East. Tell me if I have missed my calculation on your wonderful giants of the Cascades, even with the natural curvature of half the world between us.

P. O. Box 174, Aleppo, Syria, May 15, 1925.

The Magic Name

There is a simple name, two magic syllables,
The sesame to fondest memories,
That takes me back to childhood's fairyland,
And strikes those chords of sweetest melodies.

Across my fevered brain it flashes fervently,
When I in heat of life's grim battle fall;
Or, hungry on life's pathway drag my heavy cross,
This magic name, soul-filling, I recall.

Or when *Satanas* leads me to his haughty heights,
And bids me gaze upon his wealth untold,
And barter for my spirit soul his mortal realm,
It pleads with me: "Eternal wealth you hold."

Yes, pleads with me: "List to your Master's voice;
Remember Him who died on Calvary.
Who bore the burdens of a broken world;
My son, lift up your eyes and see."

What is this name that takes me back to home again,
And fills my longing soul with music sweet;
That warns me ere I leap to worldly misery,
And cools my brow in life's great battle's heat?

It is the name of her to whom I owe my life,
Who offered hers to give it to her child,
But lived to carve upon its life her mem'ry dear,
The name is Mother, loving, gentle, mild.

ANDREW K. SMITH.



Top: Lake Blanche: The Sun Dial, Cottonwood Canyon
Below: Lake Lillian

NAMING OF THE WASATCH LAKES

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

Our caption is rather too wide in its scope. In writing of the naming of the Wasatch Lakes we refer not to the many crystal bodies of water that gem our beautiful and noble range of mountains, but in particular to those lakes or lakelets which lie in the glacial hollows in the region at the heads of the Big and Little Cottonwood canyons. So many times, however, have we been asked concerning the naming of the Cottonwood Lakes, that perhaps a few words upon the matter may not be out of place at the present time. It may be said that there is no more beautiful scenery in the entire Wasatch range than that which surrounds those high mountain reservoirs of which we write. At the time the lakes were given their names the upper Wasatch was a place of primitive appearance and solitude, but the progress of civilization has made a change; where once the silence was broken by the screech of the wild cat, the harsh voice of the mountain lion, or where the savage grizzly climbed the ledges or lolled in the tall, moist grass by the streams, or on the Lake margins, may be found the nomadic cow; the voices of women and children—summer pleasure seekers—are echoed through the pine-woods, or by the cliffs, at the lakes which are turned into reservoirs of crystal waters, subject to the uses of human-kind.

Brighton Lake, sometimes called Silver Lake, was named after William A. Brighton, the pioneer settler of the Big Cottonwood Lake basin, some time in the early seventies, and his cabin was the first hotel in the region. Lake Catherine, the highest lake in the group was named after his wife; this was in the days when the "logger" was the only person one was liable to meet in an excursion of the mountain trails; and the remains of their slippery wood-tracks, and the foundation of the old flour-mill a half mile below the lake, may still be found.

Lake Phoebe, sometimes known as the Fairy Pool, was called after the wife of George M. Ottinger, one of the earliest artists of Utah, and one of the very first to sketch in the scenery of the Wasatch where its lakes are situated.

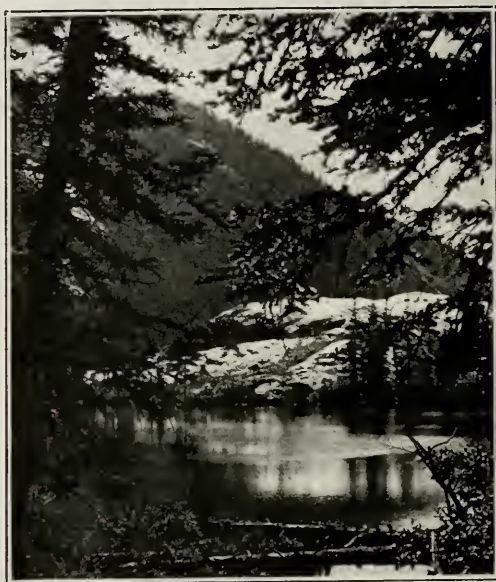
Lake Mary, first called Granite Lake, was re-christened in honor of Mary Borneman, wife of Hartwig Borneman, an artist of New York City, and who painted in water-colors a popular portrait of Brigham Young in the year, as near as we remember, 1871.

Lake Martha, directly above Lake Mary, was named at the same time for Mrs. Martha Lambourne, wife of William Lambourne, and although there was no relationship between the two ladies for whom the lakes were named, there was perhaps in the minds of the names, a scriptural thought—the sisters of Bethany. On a high granite shelf

beyond Brighton Lake, and near Pheobe Lake, is a tiny lakelet; most secluded and hidden. Annette, the pool was named, in 1875, after the then Miss Annette Wells.

Lake Lackawaxen, or Glacier Lake, on the northern side of Mount Majestic, was so named in the early days of the Park City Mining Camps, but by whom we were never able to ascertain.

Dog Lake, in the hollow east of Phoebe, was so called because, at least at one time it was the home of the electric dog-fish; and the Twin Lakes, in the basin between Brighton and the Alta Ridge, was named in the pioneer days at the time of the big annual summer picnic, in celebration of the 24th of July, Pioneer Day. Why so named, is of



LAKE FLORENCE

course, obvious. Lake Minnie, or Flora, bears the name of a mother and daughter—in the first place, of Minnie Williamson, and second, of Minnie Shanks, of Rigby, Idaho.

The Sister Lakes, in Hidden Valley. These three wonderfully beautiful high lakes on the south side of the tremendous ridge between the Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons, midway along its length, were named as follows: (1886.)

Lake Lillian—lowest one of the group; for the lady who is now Mrs. Andy Walker. Lake Florence, after the daughter of Mr. H. L. A. Culmer, and Blanche, for Miss Blanche Cutler. This completes the list of lakes, and our knowledge of their naming. These names have been officially recognized in government surveys. Although a little aside from our purpose in these paragraphs let us conclude by

stating that no more entrancing scenes are to be found in the entire length of the Wasatch mountains than those in the Hidden Valley, the valley so called because it is held so near the sky, among the great bastions and peaks of the range; and totally unsuspected by the tourist up the Big Cottonwood Canyon, unless he should begin to wonder where that stream comes from which plunges into the main canyon torrent, about half way up "the Stairs", that steep part of the great Wasatch defile. Go about three miles up the steep ravine toward the granite summits, and suddenly one is in the Hidden Valley, scenic wonder of the Wasatch Range.

Song of the Stars

Perchance you have listened, your
Heart strings attuned, to the
Song of the stars in the night,
The harmony song of a million stars,
In the stilly, balmy night,
That swept through the heavens in silvery bars,
'Mid the music of Neptune, and Saturn, and Mars,
The harmony song of a million stars
In the stilly, balmy, night.

Perchance in your wonder, you
Trusted your soul
To the song of the stars in the night,
And mingled your voice with the song
Of the stars in the stilly, balmy, night.
Then soared on their splendor, the
Sweeping bars, 'mid the music of
Neptune, and Saturn, and Mars,
'Mid the song of a million of heaven's stars,
In the stilly, balmy, night.

Perchance you exalted, and thrilled
In the awe, of a harmony
Deep in your soul,
And the chord of creation struck
Loud to resound into melody deep in your soul,
Or a passion to worship the God of your birth,
The God of your fathers, the God of your earth,
Yes, the great God omnipotent, God of your earth,
From the chords that struck deep in your soul.

Helena, Montana.

LE MAX SAXON.

JUDGMENT OF THE FLOOD

BY IDA W. BROWN

Earl Hudson was watching his bride closely. There had been a reason for taking the Bamberger train and that reason was near at hand. Purposely he let the conversation die that she might look out of the window.

"Beautiful-beaut-iful—Oh, Earl, that mountain! What a spot for honeymooning!" The effect had been all that he desired. She too loved the mountain, as he had always loved it.

"Would you choose it as a spot for life?" he inquired.

"You don't mean you live here?" was her surprised inquiry as he began making preparations for getting off.

"The shadow of that mountain falls in our very dooryard. Do you think it will take the place of your beloved Tetons?"

"It's the most beautiful mountain I've ever seen. What is its name?"

"It's an out-post of the Wasatch range but has no name," he replied as the train halted jerkily.

"Then I'll name it." Twirling her hat pin between her fingers, she became very thoughtful. "How's Sentinel Peaks?"

"The spirit of the mountain has reached you. The villagers have always regarded it as a guardian to their peach orchards."

Their walk from the depot led through streets much resembling country lanes. As they walked, Myrtle kept her eyes fixed on the sturdy, rugged beauty of the mountain. As she came nearer she saw that no slope led to the base of it. Abruptly it rose from the earth, four towering spire-tipped peaks like four tall straight soldiers at attention. A wide band of salmon-colored rock, studded with black, passed through their center like a gay colored girdle. The rose-color, grey and light blue of the peaks, contrasted with glimpses of green behind them, and a sprinkling of black through the various colors. Harmoniously blended were the tapestries of the mountain, and seemed to be held in place by huge black headed tacks.

Myrtle scarcely noted the dusty path of the lane or the fences fortified by wild rose bushes and here and there overhung by the drooping branches of Pottawattami plum trees heavily laden with fruit, so intent were her eyes and thoughts upon the beauty of the mountain. As they turned south the mountain was on her left with Earl shutting out the view of it, so she took occasion to look about this village which was to be her future home. She could not guess at the population, for the houses were mostly hidden by trees. Peach trees everywhere brightly burdened with their golden yield of peaches.

A tiny white cottage almost hidden by green trees caused little

quiverings of happiness to run riot through her being. She loved white and green. Most of all she loved this tall straight man at her side with his work-hardened hands, and bronze features, and eyes which spoke of many friendships; brown eyes, gleaming now with love at full-tide. As her questioning grey eyes met his, she had her answer: The white cottage was to be their love-nest.

She was too happy for disappointment today, or the little porch scarcely large enough for two chairs with its two slender stick-like supports would have displeased her. She had dreamed of a spacious porch with huge white columns. Earl watched her closely as they stood hesitatingly at their own threshold. There was nothing of displeasure in the soft pink of her cheeks, in the rounded chin uplifted from a creamy throat, in the arched smile of red lips or the dreamy depth of grey eyes. The thought of his possession of her, seemed to glorify her beauty.

"I know I am going to be so happy here," was all she could say. She seemed a perfect jumble of emotions—all composure cast to the winds.

He noted this and pointed to the house across the street, saying:

"You'll like Mrs. Stone our neighbor across the street. Not much on looks or religion, but broad-minded and kind-hearted."

"I love it all: This little white nest, the wonderful mountain and the peach trees." With these words on her lips and Earl's strong arms holding her close she entered the little white nest. The future looked as rosy as the bright colored stripe running through the mountain.

But life has to do with sterner things than love-making and contemplation of beautiful scenery. Often it has to do with child-bearing, with household tasks which have a way of multiplying as years roll on, and with child-rearing. Oh! the complications, the confusion, the heart-break and the joy! A thousand household tasks punctuated with safety pins and panty buttons, music lessons and razor straps, broken balloons and shrill whistles, overturned coasters and hurt fingers, with washrags, torn clothes and nursing periods.

Fourteen years of married life and Myrtle had experienced all of these things. A new modern cottage with the spacious white-columned porch of her dreams replaced the small white nest. But the mountain no longer held her spell-bound, in the hurry of her existence it had become common-place. And the companionship and love of her husband seemed almost as badly punctuated as were her household tasks.

On a day in late August, it seemed to Myrtle that she was loosing patience with life, with her husband, her children, her work. The day had been hot and the house must be cleaned. What if she didn't feel just right, the house was not going over Friday. By late afternoon the tile of the fireplace and new varnish on woodwork and

furniture glistened as only new varnish can glisten, the front window and cut glas on the side-board seemed to boast of not a speck of dust. The kitchen stove, and white enamel fixtures of kitchen and bathroom, shone out in black and white splendor. Everywhere was a spotless order. All too spotless for contented child-life. As she viewed the results of her toil, her satisfaction was somewhat marred by a recall of baby Ted's whipped hands for dropping crumbs, of Marion's tears from being scolded, of Cecil being put off to bed for playing with the garden hose.

A knock at the front door disturbed her thoughts. Who could it be? Her face felt grimy, her hair needed combing and her apron was awful. She approached the door reluctantly.

"Just me," called out a cheery voice.

"Don't look at me, Mrs. Stone, I am a regular scare crow," she apologized, pinning stray whisps of hair away from her face as she spoke.

"I was just looking at your porch. How on earth can you keep it so clean?" questioned Mrs. Stone.

"Well, there ain't much use cleaning it, I never get to sit on it. I always wanted it, but I am too swamped in work to do anything but see it's clean. I almost wish it had never been built maybe I'd feel more contented at my work."

"You used to love the mountain, but I don't believe you even take time to look at it," said Mrs. Stone in the playful scolding tone that intimate neighbors take liberty of.

"I really don't, I have forgotten it's there," laughingly declared Myrtle as she and Mrs. Stone passed into the living room and sat down.

"You're apt to have a sharp reminder, one of these days,"—still the playful scolding tone from Mrs. Stone. Her utterance was to have sudden fulfilment, even though she was entirely innocent of trying to be a prophet.

She shook her head in mock despair as she looked about the shining house. "At it again! It does look beautiful though—furniture polish and elbow grease sure does wonders. But you, Myrtle, you look fagged."

"I am, if one of the youngsters come near, well, I just could scream!"

"You are one of those 'Mormons' who would fight for your religion, if necessary die for it, but you wouldn't live it. Your people call them 'Jack Mormons'." The playful tone was gone, nor did her eyes drop as she met the blazing indignant gaze of the younger woman.

"I know what you're sayin' to yourself. What right has she who has no religion or no God to be meddlin' in my religion? You're

right. But if I believed in a religion as you say you do, I'd live it or I'd die a tryin'. Bank on that!"

"Since you accuse me of not living my religion, kindly make plain in what respect I am backsliding." Myrtle's grey eyes were narrowed in anger, her body drawn straight and stiff in undisguised resentment as she made the demand.

Mrs. Stone hesitated. The attitude of Myrtle made it hard for her to continue. But she had long thought of this subject and she was at least going to have the satisfaction of speaking plain to one whom she thought was putting the wrong values on the things of this life.

"Doesn't your religion teach that your mental and spiritual needs should be as well taken care of as your bodily needs?"

"Yes," Myrtle replied without the stir of an eyelash or the lessening of stiff attitude.

"Myrtle—". Mrs Stone's tone had lost its sternness. It was the parental voice pleading with a stubborn child. "Surely, child, you do not look at me as an enemy taking you to task!"

Grey eyes met brown eyes. Waves of warmth seemed to emanate from the brown eyes. Friendliness. Grey eyes had misjudged. The rounded face framed in brown and grey and the smiling brown eyes, no longer seemed antagonistic. This was her neighbor who had been a friend through many a need. Myrtle settled in her chair with a little sigh of relief and weariness.

Mrs. Stone took a magazine from the library table at her side. She studied the outer covering for a few seconds.

"Have you ever read the motto on the cover page of your '*Improvement Era*'?" she asked as she handed the magazine to Myrtle.

Myrtle took it and read aloud:

"The Glory of God is Intelligence."

"There it is in a nutshell, Myrtle. Just what I wanted to say. Your religion teaches you to keep out of the ruts; that you cannot be saved in ignorance. In other words you are saved no faster than you gain intelligence."

"I know I am in a rut—mothering youngsters 'd put anyone in a mental rut."

"No, dear, your house is more to blame than your children. You can be clean without being a slave to your house. You may spend your time in scouring and polishing, in sweeping and scrubbing for a half century, at the end of that time you have made no substantial gain. If you stop for a single week the dust and cobwebs will accumulate."

"But surely industry and service are worth while—"

"Yes, Myrtle, but not the service that leaves you one-sided. A service which develops physically, mentally and spiritually is the service

which your Church is trying to have its people understand. Questions you are too polite to ask? I'll give you the answer."

"Fifteen years ago my husband purchased the ten acres across the street from one of your 'Mormon' pioneers. I've lived behind that Pioneer rock fence ever since. For ten years I watched your people much as a hawk watching a flock of chickens. Ready to criticize. Anxious for the chance. I found you 'Mormons' to be valiant, self-sacrificing, sincere and humble. Exceptions, of course. My husband and I wouldn't have entered a 'Mormon' Church if your bishop would've given us the Church. We didn't care to make friends. But we did. Your people are friendly. When he died five years ago, your people became more than friends to me, they became brothers and sisters. The beautiful funeral service—the spirit of brotherhood—the sincere words of consolation—I'll never forget—not empty words, but words which came from hearts which had known sorrow and trials and had survived with renewed faith. That funeral service marked the turning point of my life."

Tears rolled slowly down the faded cheeks of Mrs. Stone. Perhaps, tears that would ease a hurt, as this confession, this testimony of goodness, where goodness was not expected, was casting a load from her mind. She wiped the tears from her face with the corner of her white apron as she continued.

"Across there is that eight-room house; alone with empty hands and a sick mind—But for your Relief Society teachers I might still be there brooding and holding folded hands. I am thankful I accepted their invitation and became interested in life. There in that Relief Society I first learned of your belief in eternal progression. Your Church is not theorizing upon this subject it is practicing what it preaches. It is offering to its people more avenues of intellectual and spiritual attainment than any other religious body upon the face of the earth. A multitude of co-workers, self-trained for service, that's what your people represent. That's where you belong, Myrtle. You give of your time and you receive intellectual power and growth. You are a 'Mormon' and a 'Mormon' should move on. As a household slave you are standing still in a rut."

"I don't understand, Mrs. Stone, why you don't belong when you think so well of us. Surely you are not afraid of the world's ridicule."

"Not for one minute!" answered Mrs. Stone with much emphasis. I am a doubter of the existence of a God. I'd like to have the living faith which some of you possess."

"Perhaps you don't seek after faith hard enough," suggested Myrtle.

"I suppose I leave off where I should begin. I look at my neighbors and know they are honest tithe payers, and I look at my peach trees loaded to the ground with fruit, and I wonder wherein

the one who serves God and pays tithes is blessed more than I. If not, why not? They are more deserving than I, and yet my fertile spot yields as abundantly as theirs. I think it will continue to yield to the end of time. Then why the sacrifice if there is no blessing!"

With the last statement Mrs. Stone shrugged her shoulders as if to throw from them a useless burden. With a sudden alertness, she arose as she explained: "My, how dark! I believe it's going to rain. I'll have to run and pick in my clothes. I'd plum forgot them, talkin' religion."

On the porch she hesitated long enough to add a parting injunction: "Now just forget this front porch and some of your housework and get acquainted with your neighbors an' religion."

"Run over again, soon," Myrtle called out as Mrs. Stone hurried across the street.

For a moment Myrtle studied the face of the mountain, its bright colors were dulled by shadows—seemingly a frown upon the face of the four sentinel peaks. Today they seemed like dignified judges who had passed severe sentence.

"I'll be late with supper," she muttered as she hurried to the kitchen. Of her neighbor she was not thinking very complimentary thoughts:

She must think I've got as much time as she has to fool away on social welfare, literature, psychology, teacher-training and parent classes. I can see my house in a week-lint under the beds; shoe-polish in the bathtub, dirty collars on the side-board.

The soapy washcloth vigorously applied to her face and neck put an end to connected thinking. But as she combed her long strands of brown hair and coiled them in an accustomed witch-knot, she shrugged the subject from her with a muttered remark: "A woman without a God and worryin' about other people's religion. Sure does get me!"

With the evening meal over and the kitchen in spotless order, baby Ted came in next in the thoughts of his ambitious mother. She knew she had neglected him. He looked neglected, forsaken. Why couldn't mothers have more time with their children, more patience, more love?

Marion was just putting his night gown on him. She too had not the sparkling brightness and pep that her age called for. A little prickling of conscience. She had made it hard for all of them today. What was a house beside the love of her children? Why couldn't she be more patient with these little ones depending on her?

"Mildred, put fresh water on the zinnas, and get ready for bed. You look tired. I'll take Teddie to bed."

Earl looked fagged, too, as she approached him in the living room. She imagined a look of unhappiness had been tucked away, as she held the fresh, sweet face of Ted down for him to kiss good-night.

His shoulders seemed stooped and the lines in his cheeks were getting deeper. She had never seen him looking so weary.

"Night, night, old Teddie boy." He took the little fellow and held him close and kissed him and tweaked his toes before giving him up to Myrtle.

As she tucked Ted in his little bed, she was still thinking of her husband. Was he just a little warmer in his love for the children than she? As she kissed the soft little cheek of Ted she resolved to be a better mother.

Marion was just placing the huge vase of zinnas in the center of the dining room table when a loud clap of thunder shook the house. Cecil came running from the kitchen and both children hurried into the living room.

"Daddy, I'm afraid," complained Cecil and he looked the part. His mother was alarmed at his palor.

"Get into your nighties quickly, both of you and I'll tell you 'Waldo's Dream'," said Myrtle thinking to change the channel of the children's thoughts.

"Oh, goodie," they exclaimed and both children dashed off to see who could undress the quickest.

It seemed only an instant before they romped to her chair. With an arm about each she began:

"Waldo was a hermit who lived—"

The sound as of ten thousand cartridge shells whistling on the air interrupted. The sound seemed to center in the room near the electric light. Amazement held them. A crash of thunder shook the earth before they could voice their bewilderment.

"What could it be?" was Myrtle's puzzled inquiry.

"Got me! Perhaps some trouble at the power house up the canyon. Lightnin' struck somewhere close, too."

"But—that was like the singing of a giant bullet," suggested Myrtle. "What's that?"

Earl did not have to listen to hear the sound indicated by Myrtle. A continued roar sounded that he could not account for.

"Oh, that must be the echo of the thunder up the canyon," said Myrtle thinking that she had found answer to her question.

But Earl's forehead was still wrinkled and his ear attentive. "Some rocks must have been started down the mountain," he supplied as explanation.

"Well, even rocks would find a lighting place, sometime," was Myrtle's opposing opinion.

By this time they were shouting to each other to be heard above the roar. An incessant grumbling roar.

They rushed to the front window. Men, women and children were running, and intermingled with the roar came their screaming.

Myrtle laughed as she thought that some people were surely easily excited. Her voice was quite calm as she spoke: "Let's just

shut the doors. There could come six feet of water before it could touch us. Let's not go crazy!"

"I'm goin' to have a look," shouted Earl for shouting was necessary to hear. He ran out on the front porch from there to the south side of the yard to get a view of the canyon. Myrtle followed him. What they saw froze them with fear. What seemed to be a mountainous object, dust-clothed was moving swiftly upon them. Quick flashing of thought. Their house, every thing would be swept before it.

His shouted directions she tried to make out. He must have said for her to get the baby. He ran the front way and she the back. Eight steps led to the kitchen door. By the time she had mounted them and came through the kitchen he was gone. The children were gone. He expected her to bring the baby, that was it.

But the bed was empty. The baby gone. Could he have heard the thunder and being frightened hidden in the house? She must look. With swiftness and frantic fear she began. Down on her knees peering under beds.

"Teddie—Teddie—"

In corners and clothes closets.

"Ted—oh, Teddie—"

Through bathroom and kitchen, dining room and living room—nothing behind the piano.

"Teddie—Teddie—Oh, my God, protect my baby—!"

Out on the front porch. Could he be out here somewhere in the dusk? People were still running uttering terrible, inhuman cries in their fear. They may have seen her baby. She rushed out to the highway screeching with all the strength left to her: "Has anyone seen my baby? Anyone seen Teddie?"

A man's voice battling against this deafening roar that was surging down upon them: "Mr. Hudson's got your baby. Hurry, for God's sake, Mrs. Hudson!"

She could hurry now. Relief penetrated to her soul like a soothing ointment. Teddie was safe! She must reach them—her husband and children.

The stone fence started to move as if a giant hand was behind it. The toppling of it added nothing to the roar—only pebbles stirred by a moving mountain. The fierce grinding of mighty boulders upon the rocks and other boulders forced forth on their business of destruction growled and grumbled and seemingly jumped toward the swift fleeing figures. Impetus of mud and water and their own momentum, carried them swiftly toward their victims.

A truck was awaiting them. This crushing thing, just to one side of them, and the truck.

Mrs. Hudson was the last one. Hands reached out and helped her in. They shrieked for the driver to start. A hooded part separated him from them and he could not hear. Three more leaps and it would be upon them! It tumbled toward them one more clumsy step as

the men shouted and pounded on the hood for the driver to start. He had heard, the motor chugged and they started.

Myrtle felt something slippery under her feet. The jerk of the starting truck sent her and others sprawling to the bottom. Slippery, yes and sloppy, too. The bottom of the truck was covered with fish. When Myrtle had scrambled up from the fish to a sitting position, she saw her darling children and husband huddled in the front end of the truck. They had not seen her. The roar of the flood was lessening. She could plainly hear them sobbing out their trouble:

"We've left mama. I don't want to go without mama!"

Had the bottom of the truck been covered with live snakes instead of chubs and suckers, Myrtle would have gone to her children. That moment of joy when they first caught sight of her! Joy that leaped into troubled little hearts and brains! What did she care for fish or floods or ruined homes! She had her babies and her husband!

Their feet and night gowns were slimy and damp from contact with the fish. They shivered with the cold as she cuddled them to her. Miserable day they'd had, and she partly to blame. Never again would rugs and polished floors, scrubbed linoleums and shining varnishes, glittering cut-glass and clean windows interfere with the rights of these. Her heart ached with pity as she whispered comforting words to them: "We'll soon be to Aunt Ethel's. Then for hot baths an' dry clothes and warm beds. You'll soon be feeling fine." And soon they were. For Aunt Ethel administered to them all that had been promised.

With the morning came newspaper boys on Ogden streets, their cries were confident, for their papers had the stuff this particular morning to invite quick sales.

"All 'bout the cloud-bursts. Scouts missing! All about the cloud-bursts!"

When Earl and Myrtle had read, they were surprised to learn that many settlements had suffered besides their own.

What would be their home-coming? Myrtle tried to picture in her mind, but she gave it up. Leaving the children with her sister, she and Earl started by automobile to find out how great had been the destruction to their home and village.

Soldiers from Salt Lake City had arrived and were guarding the homes of the deserted settlement. But for them it might have been the village of the dead.

By leaving the car Earl and Myrtle were enabled to make their way to the back of their lot. Soldiers supplied them with rubber boots and pitch-forks that they might wade through to their house. The pitch-forks were to steady themselves with. Where there had been eight steps to the back door, only four remained in sight.

When they had tugged through mud and rocks half way across the lot Myrtle saw an object which looked like the roof of a house. Calling one of the guards' attention to it she inquired: "Is that the roof of some one's house?"

"No, madam, that is the roof of your own front porch," came his quick reply.

Well, that was that! No more need she worry about the dust from the highway settling on her spacious front porch. Where great loss confronted her she was going to look for the small gain and be comforted.

It was with this spirit that she entered her house. The kitchen and bathroom were in spotless order. But here order ended and disorder prevailed. Two long panels of glass were broken from the front window. Mud and water had come through the openings covering the living room floor, and splashing on walls, woodwork and furniture. Splatterings and rivulets of it were in the dining room. The hall and bedrooms were found to be in like condition. The windows which remained unbroken were so mud-splashed that one could not see through them.

Myrtle viewed it all, not with sorrow, but with a thankful heart. Had not her eyes been opened? Yes, opened to her own unnecessary drudgery and ignorance, to her unprayerfulness, to her spirit of fault-finding and nagging with her children.

The magnitude of the office of motherhood dawned upon the vision of her mind. She recalled times when she had had to be judge, jury and prosecuting attorney in one. In this moment of introspection she knew to fill the office of motherhood with dignity, she must not only study but she must be ready to reap the benefit of other people's study. Books, classes, lectures were all within her reach. Mrs. Stone had been right, she was a slacker. But a slacker she would not remain. She was going to qualify for motherhood.

"Myrtle, come here."

Complying to the summons from her husband she found him standing by one of the broken panels of the front window.

"Look at the mountain. The northern peak is entirely gone."

An amazing thing, but her eyes confirmed his statement. No longer the fourth sentinel stood there in silent dignity. Bright layers of rock marked the spot from which it had been torn. No doubt lightning and cloudburst simultaneously had accomplished this almost unbelievable feat.

From the mountain, her eyes took in the destruction of her neighbor's home. Only yesterday, an orchard in its yellow and green splendor seeming to boast of triumphant fruition; today, a rock-pile—the dump-ground of nature on the rampage. Four or five bent and beaten trees remained where hundreds had stood. Such utter destruction! A fertile spot devastated and sterilized!

The house was buried in debris to the middle of the lower windows. What sorrow Mrs. Stone must feel. Myrtle's meditation was interrupted by a sudden exclamation from her husband: "There's Mrs. Stone! At the upper window to the south. Do you see?"

Yes; she was there and waving to them.

"Go get the guards to help you. The poor soul has been there all night."

By the aid of rubber boots, pitch-forks and a ladder, Earl and the guards succeeded in bringing Mrs. Stone.

Myrtle expected her to be almost overcome with grief and nerve strain. As she helped the elder woman pull off the clumsy boots, she was surprised at the peaceful serenity of her countenance.

"I need a boot-jack, don't you think, Myrtle?" The question came during their united efforts to pull off the boots.

"I had a hard time to keep them on in the mud, now the stubborn things want to say."

An extra hard pull and Myrtle sat down on the kitchen floor with emphasis and a rubber boot. Both women felt better for a good hearty laugh.

Myrtle looked at Mrs. Stone in wonder. Did she realize her loss?

The elder woman read her thoughts and questioned: "If a woman loses the whole world and gains a soul, what has she lost? Christ's apostles did not understand the value of a soul, as I understand today. Jesus, alone, knew it is priceless. And I with my new acquisition, accept his valuation. What is that destruction to me? Or the night of terror? For my stubborn knees bended and my stiff neck bowed to God; and the sweetness of peace came to me in answer to my prayer—a comforting peace which not even the judgment of the flood could destroy."

The shining countenance of Mrs. Stone was testimony to the truthfulness of her words. And in Myrtle's heart she, too, knew that she had received a priceless blessing. Porches could be rebuilt, the debris on their lot could be hauled away, but her new estimation of life, she hoped would remain with her forever.

Pocatello, Idaho.

Death

Oh, Angel of Death, why comest thou to me?

Why is it that thou ever hoverest near?

Doth my life in some way antagonize thee,

Or dost thou merely protect me by fear?

I sometimes fancy that I hear thy footsteps,

Or that I am scorched by the fire of thy breath;

This causeth me to remember God's precepts,

And to ponder upon the nature of death.

Oh, why, oh, why do ye fear me, ye mortals?

Why do ye tremble at the sight of my face?

I am merely keeper of God's portals

And dispenser of his merciful grace.

Ye grow tired of sorrow, of sickness, of strife,

Yet these are the true heritages of earth;

As Death's Angel I show you the way to life,

For death is nothing but Celestial re-birth.

Dirigo, Ky.

ROBERT L. CAMPBELL.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

FIRST PERIOD

III

BY JUNIUS F. WELLS.

Two essential requirements developed in the season of 1879-1880. If the Association was to fulfil its mission and realize its destiny, it must have a representative organ; and it must have an official head, whose authority would be recognized. Feeling keenly that our work needed these powerful factors to insure its success, and, the opportune time appearing to have arrived, I addressed the following communication to President John Taylor and the Apostles, then the presiding authority in the Church:

Salt Lake City, June 4th, 1879.

President John Taylor and Council of Apostles:

Dear Brethren: In the interest of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, which I have the honor to represent, I desire to submit a few facts relating to their work, and a proposition in regard to their future progress.

Since the commencement of our general organization, four years ago, associations have been formed very extensively, until now one is formed in nearly every settlement of the Saints. Our last report shows upwards of two hundred and thirty associations, with a membership of more than nine thousand. The associations of each stake are placed under the direction of a superintendent and assistants, all of whom have labored with so much interest that but a few wards are left without associations, and prompt reports are obtained from those in existence.

The object of this extensive organization is, to introduce our young men to an order of religious and intellectual exercises that will secure to them a knowledge of the truth, and put them in possession of the evidences to advocate and defend it. How well this has been carried out, I leave the local authorities of the wards to say. It is, however, gratifying to know that the foreign and domestic missions, the vacant bishoprics and many positions of trust have been mostly filled from our ranks for the past two or three years.

While the above is the first object had in view, as secondary, and leading to its attainment, we have given our attention to improvement in other respects: In our manners, our entertainments, our social gatherings, our conversations, our readings and our writings, which brings me to the subject upon which I, at present, desire to confer with you.

Realizing that our thoughts gain solidity and volume from the effort to express them concisely, we have been encouraged to put them upon paper in the form of essays, compositions and contributions to manuscript and printed papers. This exercise of writing essays has grown in favor so much that I may say it prevails universally among the associations, and I suppose there are not less than fifty manuscript papers published by them.

The result of this exercise already begins to be seen in the development of literary talent—articles sometimes appearing that are not only full of edifying matter but are so well written that it is a delightful pleasure to read them. That the ability and disposition to write is growing and becoming more confident, is evidenced in the efforts made in several counties to publish periodicals and wherever they have done so, their literary success has been acknowledged, as with the *Amateur*, published by the associations of Weber county. The efforts, however, have been unsuccessful financially, owing to the limited circulation to be obtained in a single county.

Before passing to my proposition I desire to present for your contemplation, a host of young men, marshalled under the banner of progress and improvement, devoted with all their hearts to the cause of Zion, and struggling to know how best

to be of service, doing their utmost for self-culture that the society of the future may be creditable to them and reflect honor upon their fathers who have directed their footsteps.

We have unwittingly adopted many customs and some ideas that must be eliminated to make us the people we aim to become. Intemperance, swearing, uncouth language, and the memory-destroying habit of reading light literature are among the evils that we have to contend with, and that we hope to overcome by cultivating "the gift that is within us," that we may be examples of the believer in word, in conversation, in spirit, in purity, etc. And we hope to supplant light literature by getting good reading matter which will be doubly attractive in owing its authorship to the inspiration of willing workers among ourselves.

The encouragement I have received from those most interested in mutual improvement supports me in asking your sanction and approval of the following propositions:

First.—I propose during the summer to visit the associations and canvass for contributors and subscribers to a magazine published in the interest of the young people of the Territory.

Secondly.—If sufficient encouragement is given by the class to be benefited I will publish a magazine, octavo size of either twenty-four or thirty-two pages, once a month, beginning October 1st, at a price securing its financial success; which magazine will be distinctively a young people's periodical of such literary merit as their talent can make it, and whose general tone will be pure, refined, tending to improvement and elevation in thought and in all our intercourse; devoted to the culture of the youth, and the cultivation of character, and sound doctrine among them.

I believe we have a distinct and legitimate field in which to operate, doing good to ourselves without infringing on the rights of any one.

The advent of such an agent among our associations will be acclaimed with delight, many whose latent talent has found no expression, will be glad to contribute to a periodical they can call our own. While those of our number who have taken President Taylor's advice and are writing for current publications, will also herald a magazine with pleasure.

I am sanguine in the belief that a young people's magazine will be received into the gallery of home literature as a welcome monument, occupying a vacant niche with becoming grace, that will not detract from its older associates, while it adds a charm and feature of interest to the whole array.

I can present letters and testimonials from various parts of the territory that sustain the proposition I have made. I am assured of fifty contributors, twenty of whom are not without skill, as regular writers. And from two of the smallest counties, Weber and Summit, I have assurance of four hundred subscribers. As an indication of what might be done, I have named these particulars; more can be added if desired.

Hoping this will receive your favorable and early consideration, I am yours respectfully in the Gospel of peace.

JUNIUS F. WELLS.

The following extracts from the records of the Apostles indicates the favor with which the above was received.

'Letter of Elder Junius F. Wells read, in which he proposed to establish a monthly magazine, as the organ of the young people's Mutual Improvement Associations.

"On motion, the proposition made by Brother Wells in the above-mentioned letter, was unanimously approved of."

Permission thus being given by the authorities, I became very active during the summer and autumn, soliciting subscriptions and advertisements; deciding upon the name, size and style of the magazine and arranging for its publication with the *Deseret News Company*. The first number was issued in October, 1879. It was the first of my proof-reading. The leading article was by Elder Moses Thatcher, entitled "Confidence." The other principal contents were as follows together with my first editorial: "Char-

acter Sketches," Karl G. Maeser; "Bits of Travel," De Vallibus; "On the Mount of Olives," Poem by E. R. Snow; "Right and Wrong Ambition," B. F. Cummings, Jr.; "Shooting Stars, Meteors and Aerolites," J. B. Toronto; "The New Teacher," Amethyst; "Exaggeration," O. F. Whitney; "Theory of Education," O. H. Riggs; "Association Intelligence," M. H. Hardy.

SALUTATION

The need for a general representative publication designed expressly in the interests of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, has been for a long time a growing one. All who are interested in the welfare of our organization realize this fact.

The exercises of writing essays, and publishing manuscript papers, have been quite generally adopted throughout the territory, and have already resulted in the development of considerable literary talent among the members. In Weber county the officers of the associations, appreciating the ability so manifested, were encouraged to publish a very interesting semi-monthly paper, *The Amateur*, which ran through two volumes, and was a pronounced literary success.

That the thoughts and expressions of the young people of the territory will be interesting to their companions, and that in writing for the press their thoughts will gain volume and solidity, seems to us reasonable, and cause sufficient for a publication devoted to them. It is for this reason and because the growth and prosperity of our organization requires it that we have undertaken to publish a periodical that will represent the associations, and that will foster and encourage the literary talent of their members.

This is the mission of *The Contributor*, the name of which has been chosen that it might say to every young man and every young lady among our people, having literary taste and ability, *write*.

While we expect to represent the Mutual Improvement Associations, and to furnish a publication of peculiar interest to their members and to the mature youth of our people, we do not expect nor desire to infringe upon the circulation of any other publication. We are sanguine that there is a wide-spread and legitimate field of usefulness for *The Contributor*, without encroaching upon that of any other of our home papers. But if we can supplant in any degree the thrifty growth of worthless literature that has found root in all the towns and settlements of Utah, we shall congratulate ourselves on doing good service to the community.

We do not claim high literary excellence or profundity of matter in the columns of our magazine, its merit in those respects will be whatever the talent of the young ladies and gentlemen in whose interests it is published will make it.

In conclusion, we trust to meet the warm response, so universally given by the youth of Israel to every enterprise having the sanction of authority, and the seal of the Holy Spirit, whose influence they are learning to cherish, and by whose whisperings they hope to be guided. That we may always labor in the light of that Spirit, having the mutual friendliness and support of our associates in the cause of improvement is the predominant desire of our heart, under which we take up the pen to do the work that has fallen to our lot.—*The Editor*.

With the *Contributor* thus established, means were provided for the promotion of all our M. I. A. interests; especially those involving the use of printers ink. I will say here that the intellectual development of the membership was stimulated in a notable degree by this periodical, which continued, under my editorial and business management for thirteen years, and for four additional years under the control of the Cannon Publication Company, with Abraham H. Cannon in charge.

THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY

(See Frontispiece)

That the initiative of the General Superintendency, as continued now for more than forty-five years, might be recorded in order, I recall the efforts that were made to secure such authority to stand at the head and to

be fully recognized and sufficiently respected to call conferences and carry on the work, without certain interruptions, and discouragements which we had to contend with. The first advance towards realizing this object was made at the following:

SEMI-ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Minutes of the third semi-annual conference of the Y. M. M. I. A., October 8, 1879. Held in the Thirteenth Ward assembly rooms, commencing at 7 p. m.

The conference had been called to convene in the Tabernacle on the previous evening, but owing to the general character that meeting had assumed, it was suggested by President Taylor that another be held, at which reports could be heard from the stake representatives, and other business be attended to.

The meeting was called to order by Junius F. Wells.

Apostles J. F. Smith, Moses Thatcher, and D. H. Wells were on the stand. At the conclusion of the opening exercises, President John Taylor, Apostle George Q. Cannon, and President A. M. Cannon of the Salt Lake stake, came into the meeting.

Verbal reports were called for from the stake representatives present, and the following responded: H. S. Woolley, superintendent, Bear Lake; B. M. Young, counselor, Box Elder; G. L. Farrell, superintendent, Cache; John R. Murdock, representative, Beaver; Henry Lunt, representative, Parowan; J. W. Crosby, Jr., representative, Panguitch; Joseph H. Felt, superintendent, Salt Lake; H. B. Haynes, superintendent, Tooele; and A. C. Brown, counselor, Weber.

Junius F. Wells then stated that representatives from six other stakes had been in attendance on the previous evening, but were unable to remain over to attend this meeting. He also announced that as President Taylor, and others of the Twelve, were here, and had concluded to take the matter of the general organization into further consideration in council, that the election of officers and other business would be postponed. He requested the stake officers to do their utmost to visit their associations, attend to filling vacancies in offices, and to commence the regular weekly meetings of associations during the present month.

President John Taylor remarked that it was the intention of the brethren to give the organization their attention, and to place it on the best possible footing, that it might be most effectual in doing good; as it was not a thing of the day, but would exert its influence in the future as well. He thought the organization had been well conducted, and was one of the helps, spoken of in the scriptures, and that it had done a great deal of good in the community. He was pleased with the spirit and energy manifested by the young men who had reported their associations, and he hoped they would continue in the same spirit, that they might be a support to the priesthood, and work in harmony with them in all things. He thought the magazine that had been started would do good in drawing out the latent talent of the young people, and was much pleased with its general appearance, though he had not yet had time to read it.

The meeting was adjourned by prayer by Elder Joseph F. Smith.

During the winter of 1879, I had many conversations with Elder Joseph F. Smith, and he became fully aware of the handicaps the organization was subjected to. We also found that President Taylor was considering our needs, and we were encouraged to address the following to him.

Salt Lake City,
March 3, 1880.

President John Taylor and Council of Apostles:

Dear Brethren: Previous to holding the general semi-annual meeting of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, which is announced to be held during the approaching General Conference, we desire, by your request, to represent briefly the present status of the Organization and to submit what in our view seems necessary for its future prosperity.

The general inauguration of the organization was in the summer of 1875, from which time until December 8, 1876, about one hundred associations were formed by Elders Junius F. Wells, Milton H. Hardy, B. Morris Young and John Henry Smith.

On December 8, 1876, the Central Committee was organized in this city and conducted quite an extensive missionary labor among the young, during that and the following seasons, calling out about one hundred and fifty young men, many of whom then made their first effort to speak in public. Their labors resulted in forming about one hundred more Associations, and in greatly encouraging those already in existence. Until the summer of 1878, reports from all of these Associations were received direct by the Central Committee, except from Utah county, where a stake organization had been effected, and a condensed report was prepared. In the territorial tour made by Junius F. Wells and Milton H. Hardy during that summer, they visited every stake in the territory and effected similar central organizations to that in Utah county, appointing a Superintendent and Secretary for each. The excellent results of this system of organization were immediately felt; for at the general semi-annual meeting held during the April conference, 1879, there were representatives from eighteen out of twenty stake organizations present, and statistical reports were received from them all, showing that about two hundred and thirty associations were in existence with a membership of more than nine thousand.

As will be seen from these figures the organization is very extensive, and from the character of its exercises exerts an influence, amounting to a power, in the community. This power, consisting of the strength and vitality of the youth of Zion, requires careful direction and proper application, in order that it may result in advancing the interests of the kingdom and assist in accomplishing the purposes of the Almighty on the earth. So far as we are capable of judging, the inherent disposition of the youth is to be useful in these respects, and we believe the associations, up to the present time, have encouraged and strengthened that disposition. The good they are doing in the community is generally recognized by the local authorities, who feel that the Associations are indeed a help and support to them in their administrations.

That so large and important an organization requires the attention of interested officers, who are recognized as having authority to visit, counsel, advise, receive and make reports, call meetings and introduce systematic exercises requires no explanation. While the associations were being organized those directly called to the labor received every encouragement and felt great liberty in their proceedings, being recognized by the general authorities and greatly blessed in all their labors. Latterly, however, as no special act of the Apostles has authorized the continuation of our efforts, and we feel that the interests of the organization require the sanction and direct recognition of the Presiding Authority of the Church, we submit that it would be of great benefit to the associations if at the approaching meeting you would give the matter your attention, and place the organization upon a permanent footing that will be recognized by all, and that will insure the most satisfactory work being done among the youth.

With this in view, we respectfully suggest the following plan of organization as the most complete and likely to prove most useful:

First: An Advisory Committee, consisting of either three or five representative, interested, influential brethren, who shall stand at the head of the organization and may be consulted singly or as a committee, on all questions of interest pertaining to it, but who cannot, from the nature of their other duties, give their attention to the details of receiving reports, organizing associations, etc. We would suggest that one or more of this Advisory Committee be chosen from the quorum of apostles.

Second: A Territorial Central Committee, consisting of a president, two counselors, secretary and treasurer, and of the stake superintendents, a working committee whose duty will be to attend to the details of the organization, visiting, organizing, holding general meetings, receiving reports, etc.

Third: Stake organizations, consisting of a superintendent, two counselors, secretary and treasurer. Whose duties shall be to organize in their respective stakes, visit associations, hold quarterly meetings, receive reports, etc.

Fourth: Ward associations, consisting of a president, two counselors, secretary, treasurer, librarian and roll of members, who will hold regular weekly meetings, conduct and carry out systematic exercises, meet conjointly with the Young Ladies'

associations once a month, and carry on the work of mutual improvement, as directed and counseled from time to time.

Except the Advisory Committee, this organization is already established, but very much desires recognition, and if deemed expedient, would like to be completed, in the manner suggested, at the approaching meeting, when we think general officers should receive your nomination and be sustained, and instructions given for the future working of the associations, and who would receive the united support of all the members, as an Advisory Committee, might be named, Elders Joseph F. Smith, Moses Thatcher, Robert T. Burton, Karl G. Maeser and John R. Park.

Trusting we have not wearied you and that you will give these matters your attention, we subscribe ourselves very respectfully,

Your brethren in the Gospel,

JUNIUS F. WELLS,

MILTON H. HARDY,

RODNEY C. BADGER,

President and Counselors of the Central
Committee Y. M. M. I. A.

MINUTES

Of the Fourth Semi-annual General Conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall,
Tuesday evening, April 6, 1880.

On the stand were President John Taylor, Apostles W. Woodruff, C. C. Rich, F. D. Richards, Joseph F. Smith, Moses Thatcher and Counselor D. H. Wells.

The Presidency of Salt Lake and Utah County stakes, Junius F. Wells, and Milton H. Hardy, and the stake superintendents of Box Elder, Davis, Morgan, Salt Lake, Utah and Weber counties, and representatives from Beaver, Juab, Sanpete, St. George, Sevier, Summit, Tooele and Wasatch.

Meeting called to order by Junius F. Wells. After singing and prayer President Taylor addressed the meeting on the subject of mutual improvement, referring more particularly to the young men, and explained the suggestions from the Council of Apostles in relation to a more complete and permanent organization. After which Apostle Wilford Woodruff was nominated for General Superintendent, with Apostles Joseph F. Smith and Moses Thatcher as his counselors. These nominations were carried unanimously.

Superintendent Woodruff then briefly addressed the meeting, expressing his interest in the work of mutual improvement among the young, and called for the statistical report, the totals of which were accordingly read, after a few remarks by Junius F. Wells as follows:

Stake organizations 20; associations 240; members 9,284; attendance 5,828; quarterly conferences 43; weekly meetings 2,456; conjoint sessions 592; extra meetings 145; total meetings 3,171; visitors sent 1,311; visitors received 1,143; visits of county and general officers 384; members gone on missions 71; libraries 81; volumes 3,084; value of books \$3,370.45; manuscript papers 283; financial exhibit showed cash and other property on hand \$3,794.87; Scripture reading, total chapters read 76,942; subjective lectures given 3,003; testimonies borne 3,295.

After the reading of the Report Superintendent Woodruff made a few remarks, and called for a vote of the people to sustain the suggestions of the Apostles in relation to the organization, which was unanimous. A preamble and resolutions respecting cruelty to animals and the killing of birds was presented and read, and the sentiments expressed therein voted upon.

The meeting was dismissed by President John Taylor.

(To be Continued)

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"Go forth as I have commanded you; repent of all your sins; ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you. * * * I will go before you and be your rearward; and I will be in your midst, and you shall not be confounded."—Doc. and Cov. 49:26-27.

A 513-Mile Bicycle Trip Through Norway

During the summer of 1925 a 513-mile trip on bicycle from Trondhjem to Oslo was completed by Elders Ole Hansen (left) and Anthon H. Lund. Practically every house between these two towns was reached with tracts. The sun shone 22 hours each day so we were often able to work until 10 or 11 p. m. We could not see the midnight sun, but the sun shone until 11 p. m. and it was nearly as light at midnight as at noon, as the sky in the north was red as fire. During this trip 25,000 tracts were delivered, one public meeting held, and we had many good conversations.

We had no trouble with our bicycles, although we each had a pack of 60 pounds. We had blankets also, so we were able to sleep out when necessary.



We had beautiful weather and our course followed two large, roaring rivers practically all the way, so we were privileged to see some of the most beautiful scenery in Norway, which is world-known for its beauty. It has been 20 years since the covered district was last tracted. A few of the older people remembered our missionaries, but the greater percentage heard the gospel message for the first time and we know by the friendly manner we were received, that much of the seed sown will someday bear fruit.

The work of the Lord is progressing rapidly here in Norway. We are gaining converts and many friends. We herewith wish to extend a "hilsen" from the Norweigan mission to our many friends. We are very thankful for the *Era* and wish you continued success.—*Anthon H. Lund, Oslo, Norway.*

A New Mission Organized in the United States

The North Central States mission was organized Sunday, July 12, at 2:30 o'clock, in Minneapolis. The office of the mission was opened the first day of August. A conference was held at Minneapolis at which the business was transacted. President Rudger Clawson officiated; John G. Allred was sustained as president, with headquarters at Minneapolis, located at 2725 Third Avenue South. There were present President Joseph Quinney of the Canadian Mission, President John M. Knight of the Western States Mission,

John G. Allred of the newly organized North Central States Mission, and President John H. Taylor of the Northern, along with Sister Rachael Grant Taylor, mission president of the Relief Society. The first session of the conference was held Thursday, July 9, at Duluth and meetings were also held on the 10th at St. Paul. A new field of labor has been opened up in the Providence of Saskatchewan, Canada. It has been many years since an attempt was made to locate elders in this Province. Two elders were appointed to labor in this field and others will be added when new missionaries arrive. On the Sunday following, the 12th, President Clawson and President Allred held conferences in Winnipeg.—*Glen W. Coffman.*



North Central States Missionaries, sitting, left to right: Theodore Reynolds, Saskatchewan; Lula Giles, Minnesota; President John H. Taylor, Northern States Mission; President John M. Knight, Western States Mission; President Rudger Clawson, of the Council of the Twelve; President John G. Allred, North Central States Mission; Sister Rachael Grant Taylor, Northern States Relief Society; President Joseph Quinney, Jr., Canadian Mission; Matilda Tueller, Minnesota; A. C. Whiting, mission office. Second row: Raymond Larsen, Winnipeg; E. M. Dixon, Port Arthur; Lulabell Garner, Winnipeg; President William Jensen, Port Arthur conference; L. B. Cline, North Dakota; President Clifton H. Ludwig; East Iowa conference; President R. G. Swann, North Dakota conference; President Glenn W. Coffman, Minnesota conference; Rigmor Eilersen, Minnesota (released); H. L. Smith, North Dakota; Alma Ward, Saskatchewan. Third row: N. V. Cox, South Dakota; C. W. Aherns, Minnesota; E. R. Egbert, Minnesota; Raymond Allen, Saskatchewan; J. A. Earley, Minnesota; O. R. Olsen, Port Arthur; T. M. Webster, Minnesota; A. W. Johnson, Canada, (released); E. J. Poulsen, North Dakota; President Merkley, Wisconsin conference; Joseph D. Bensen, Minnesota. Fourth row: L. H. Mousley, Port Arthur; K. G. Carter, Minnesota; H. V. Allen, South Dakota; Wilma Ricks, Winnipeg; Ruth A. Green, Iva Mortensen, A. C. Traveller, Minnesota; Leo E. Nielsen Saskatchewan; Boyd Squires, Winnipeg.

New Chapel Dedicated

At a semi-annual missionary conference of Long Beach the mission officers of the different auxilliary organizations conducted excellent demonstrations in the work of the organizations. A large number of people, not of

our faith, were in attendance at all the sessions of the conference. The dedication of the new chapel took place Sunday afternoon, June 28, President Joseph W. McMurrin offering the dedicatory prayer. The building was begun on the 15th of February, 1925, and was completed and dedicated, June 28. The building cost with furnishings about \$7,300. It is small but convenient and meets the needs of the people very well. The labor was mostly donated and the members of the branch gave liberally to help complete the building. Its completion and dedication is an epoch in our history here, and we are very thankful that we can come to our new chapel to worship whenever we so desire.



The portrait shows the front of the building. The center figure second row is President McMurrin; to his right, W. O. Packard, Santa Ana branch presidency; R. H. Siddoway, chairman of the building committee; Ephraim Larson, Golden C. Bean, Willard Lake, members of the building committee. To the left of President McMurrin are A. J. Smith, Santa Ana branch presidency; Ernest M. Horsley, president of the Long Beach conference.—*Ernest M. Horsley.*

New Branch has Fifty Members

Elder William F. Jackson, Brounsville, Texas, a city of 14,000 inhabitants, of which two-thirds are Spanish-speaking people, sends an account and picture of the Sunday School of the Mexican mission. The city is located at the extreme southern end of the Rio Grande valley and is the farthest southern city in the United States. The work of preaching the gospel has been going on in the city for only a little over four years, but a branch has been organized and now has a membership of fifty souls. It is one of the few branches of the Mexican mission that has its own meeting house. This was built in 1923, and dedicated by President Rey L. Pratt in July of that year. The work is under the supervision of Elders William F. Jackson and Stanley Quigley, working exclusively among the Spanish-speaking people. "We are pleased with our branch and the members who have been strengthened a great deal by several remarkable healings which have taken place very recently, through the power of the holy Priesthood. We appreciate the *Era* very much and regret that it is not printed in Spanish also, in order that our members might reap the same good that we do from its contents."

Ohio Transferred to Northern States Mission

We learn that on the 27th and 28th of June, 1925, at the conference held in Dayton, Ohio, there were present President Charles A. Callis of the Southern States mission and President John H. Taylor of the Northern States mission, all the missionaries in Ohio and many members, friends, investigators and strangers. The First Presidency of the Church have decided to transfer Ohio to the Northern States mission, and at this conference the affairs of that conference were turned over to President John H. Taylor of the Northern States mission, the change to take place July 1, 1925. Presidents Callis and Taylor delivered several interesting and instructive doctrinal sermons during the conference, to large congregations. The missionaries and members presented President Callis with an appropriate token of their appreciation and regard for him, and a suitable present was sent to Sister Callis.



Names of missionaries, Ohio conference, back row, left to right: Dale L. Lee, Rulon Giles, Rue S. Marshall, Walter T. Odd, Thomas G. Layton, William L. Ellsworth, Charles D. Ward. Center row: Mary H. Mickle, Jay S. Grant, conference president; Charles A. Callis, president Southern States Mission; William N. Schow, Adelaid Nelson. Front row: J. M. Hansen, Reuben G. Rhees, Warren E. Hansen.

Great Activity in San Francisco

Elder Wilford G. Frischknecht, of the San Francisco conference, held at Oakland, May 15-17, reports that more than 1,500 Saints and visitors attended. President Frank M. Edman presided. President McMurrin was unable to attend owing to illness. Following one of the services, a visiting Presbyterian minister remarked to one of the missionaries that he had never witnessed such an abundant outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord as on that occasion. At the Priesthood meeting on Friday, May 15, the missionaries

gave reports of their labors, bespeaking the optimistic spirit among them, and testifying of their diligence in the discharge of their duties. They see many results of their labors. An elaborate banquet was served by the Oakland Relief Society following the Priesthood meeting. The M. I. A. session of the conference was held with Elder Lewis E. Rowe and Sister Elsie Hogan in charge. Splendid reports of this organization were made.

The conference itself was held on the 17th and was characterized by splendid sermons on the principles of the gospel. Elder Wilford G. Frischknecht was sustained as president of the conference to succeed President Frank M. Edman who was honorably released and given a token of remembrance in appreciation of his services, after 36 months of active labor. The Primary organization was established in Oakland and ten Primary mothers appointed in the outlying districts. Notice was given of the coming division of the Oakland branch into three branches. Musical concerts were given by the Los Angeles male quartet, assisted by Sister Mosell Michaelson, who made the musical part a great success. More than 500 Books of Mormon have been placed, and fifty-nine baptisms performed in the past six months.

A Splendid Motto Adopted

Elder Thys Winkel, branch president at The Hague, Holland, reports that this is the most modern city in that country and that the people do not seem to be as religiously inclined there as in other Dutch cities, but the efforts of the elders to convert the people to the true gospel have led them into homes of many prominent men of the city. The prejudice which formerly existed is not as pronounced as it has been and the untrue stories concerning the Latter-day Saints are taken in their true light. For these reasons we think Holland is going to be a more fruitful field for the servants of the Lord than heretofore. Our mission president has recently given us instructions to adopt as our motto, verses 4 and 5 of Section 112 of the Doctrine and Covenants, and we are trying to practice it.



Elders left to right, front row: Thys Winkel, Richfield, Utah; Rupert Ravsten, Clarkston, Utah; W. Gordon Rose, Salt Lake City, and John Silverchoon, Ogden, Utah.

Applying for Baptism

President Rey L. Pratt met with the missionaries of the Chihuahua conference on May 9 and 10. Inspiring, well-attended sessions were held. The visit of President Pratt greatly animated the people, and the missionaries have been meeting with more success since then. The elders from the mountain districts of Chihuahua reports that several people have recently applied for baptism.—*Clara Murdock, Clerk.*



Missionaries, left to right, back row: Owen U. Call, Edmund C. Hill, Dolan B. Condie, Dale A. Bratner, Willis L. Jacobson. Front row: Bessie Burnham, President Rey. L. Pratt and Zereta Farnsworth.

“Church Disunity and What Comes Of It”

“We had the largest attendance ever known at our meetings in Binghampton at our conference on the 28th of June. A minister of the city promised to give us his church to hold an evening service in. We advertised it in the local papers. The Reverend published an article stating that we were to have his chapel, but on the last moment before our conference, due to inside friction among the members the minister had to withdraw his courteous invitation. We were very sorry for that, but President B. H. Roberts nevertheless delivered the address in our own hall which he was to deliver in the Reverend’s chapel. His subject was ‘Church Disunity and What Comes of It.’ It was a most stirring and convincing sermon, and our only regret is that more people did not hear it. The people here are very much more tolerant than ever before and we feel that an awakening of the people is soon coming. One of our lady missionaries has sold 35 Books of Mormon in Albany in the last two months. Two of our elders were ordained Seventies at our last conference—Elders Witwer and William C. Tebbs. The *Era* helps us greatly in our missionary labors.”—*William C. Tebbs, conference president, Albany, N. Y. conference.*

Special Conference, Dortmund, Cologne

On Easter Sunday, a general conference of Cologne, Swiss German mission, was held in Dortmund, in Westphalia. For this conference, through the kindness of the city authorities and of the rector of the school, we obtained the use of the auditorium of the Boys' Middle School. Dortmund is the city where, before the World War, the missionaries of the Church were persecuted vigorously. As an indication of the change of attitude towards the Church of Jesus Christ in this city, our conference sessions were attended by 253 and 237 persons in the afternoon and evening sessions. Although, the auditorium of this school is not generally rented for such public gatherings, the rector made an exception in our case, "because our aim in holding the meetings was beneficial to good citizenship." We were given the assurance that we would be allowed the use of the auditorium for future similar gatherings.

Work in the Cologne conference is peculiar in one way, for within the district we work under the national flags of four races, the German, the French, the English, and the Belgian.

The faithful traveling elders of the famous Cologne conference have concentrated their efforts during the past few months upon the distribution of the Book of Mormon. Under special attention, the missionaries and the organized groups of city missionaries, in the different branches, are realizing splendid success in creating interest in the history of the American continent as contained in the Book of Mormon. We find that the Book of Mormon is our best missionary.—*E. Wayne Stratford.*

A Spiritual Feast in San Diego

Axie Spackman, writing from San Diego, May 5, refers to a missionary conference held in that city April 24 to 26, with President Ellis M. Orme conducting, and President Joseph W. McMurrin in attendance, with a large force of visiting missionaries from Los Angeles and San Bernardino. The Spirit of the Lord was manifest in great abundance. Many inspiring talks and instructions were given by President McMurrin and the missionaries. It was a spiritual feast and was enjoyed by non-members as well as the Saints and missionaries.

Greatest Obstacle Indifference

In the Liverpool conferences under the direction of President Rulon W. Openshaw, fourteen missionaries are striving to place the gospel of Jesus Christ before the people. "Our biggest obstacle is indifference on the part of the public. We encounter some persecution. Two branches have been opened up since the first of the year and the work in every department shows a decided improvement over that of the previous year. Street meetings are conducted throughout the conference, a very effective means of placing a number of copies of the Book of Mormon and other Church works in many homes. We have found the *Improvement Era* very helpful in our labors."—*James M. Armstrong, Conference Secretary.*

Nineteen Baptisms in Nevada

Nineteen baptisms were reported since March 1st, and there are many earnest investigators studying the gospel. The semi-annual conference was held in Reno, May 29-31. The Spirit of the Lord was felt in rich abundance by all present. Many outsiders attended, especially attracted by the concert

rendered by the Los Angeles quartette. President Max Orton, Panguitch, Utah, was released June 1. Elder Earl Crowther was chosen to succeed him.

Seven Baptized in West Virginia

Elder W. O. Lamborn, president of the West Virginia North conference, Eastern States mission, reports that the elders are given a better hearing now than ever before. Privileges to hold gatherings in a number of meeting and school houses have been granted, and these were well attended and good interest manifested by nearly all. Last month there were seven baptisms performed. Others have requested baptisms.



Missionaries, front row left to right: R. H. Wood, Liberty, Idaho; Hortense Greene, Layton, Utah; President Brigham H. Roberts of the Eastern States Mission; LaVerne Black, Twin Falls, Idaho; J. H. Seeley, Hayden, Utah. Standing: E. O. Nielson, Cowley, Wyoming; H. M. Doney, Franklin, Idaho; W. O. Lamborn, president West Virginia North conference, Laketown, Utah; L. B. Egan, Cowley, Wyoming; H. V. Browning, Ogden, Utah; R. J. Barlow, Grouse Creek, Idaho.

New Chapel Dedicated in Australia

Elder F. R. Pett, Subiaco, West Australia, reports the completion and dedication of a new chapel in Perth, West Australia. President Charles H. Hyde and wife were present from Sydney for the dedication held on the 14th of June, 1925. On the previous evening before the dedication, a banquet at which 125 guests were present celebrated the event, to the joy and satisfaction of all. The hall was trimmed with ferns, yellow wattle being used effectively to decorate the tables. The condition of this branch is the brightest since its organization and is a culmination of faithful work and prayer, and prospects for a bright future are entertained by the elders. The picture shows the front

of the new Church with the elders on the steps. "We enjoy reading the *Era*. It gives us courage and a stronger determination to do our bit."



Elders front row: Morris B. Buckwalter, Rulon S. Stromberg. Center: Edgar Nelson, Horace G. Cutler. Top: Frank R. Pett, Carrie S. Hyde, and Prest. Charles H. Hyde.

From Maoriland

"We enjoy working in the vineyard of our Lord. We have a vast field of labor before us. We receive some opposition, both by word of mouth and print, but the press has given us the privilege of refuting all erroneous statements, so these have done us no injury. We have spent the summer months traveling among the Maoris, teaching them the way of the Lord. Many of them are very faithful. Some of the Saints give way to the traditions of their forefathers, and this weakens their faith in the servants of the Lord and weakens them in carrying on his work. The *Era* is a great help to us in our missionary work."—E. A. Ottley, Masterton, New Zealand.

A Book of Mormon a Week, the Slogan

Elder David C. Carlson, mission secretary of the Swedish mission, reports that President James E. Talmage visited there, coming to Malmo, Sweden, from the Danish mission on the third of March, and remained in the Swedish mission for a week. It was the first time in many years that the Saints at Malmo and Gothenburg have had a visit from the European mission president. Meetings were held in both places with the missionaries and the Saints, all of whom enjoyed the spirit in full measure. Meetings were held three days in Stockholm, goodly numbers of non-members as well as members attending. The missionaries of Sweden are endeavoring to increase the sale of the Book of Mormon. "A Book of Mormon a week per elder" is the standard set by some of the missionaries.

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST, IN THE NEW TESTAMENT, AS GOOD READING*

BY DR. ADAM S. BENNION, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

If you have caught the message of this hour as I have done, you are stirred to an appreciation of the fact that Jesus lived, you have caught the inspiration of the thought that he was in very deed the Son of God and therefore divine. I take it our problem now is to address ourselves to the task, "What shall we do about it?" In other words, if I can catch the assignment in my address, it is to raise with you the issue, "How may you go forward and make sure that the young men under your leadership shall come to know this man Jesus, that they may live in his presence and catch the power that has been exhibited during this convention. I therefore am asked to address myself to the topic, the reading of the New Testament.

I do not hesitate at all to say that to suggest to the young men of the Church or the young men of any community to read the gospel of Jesus Christ is to ask them to read the rarest bit of reading in all the world.

"To every man there openeth a way, and ways and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way, and the low soul gropes the low
While in between, on the misty flats, the rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth a high way and a low
And every man decideth the way his soul shall go."

It were a wonderful thing if we could decide in this hour that the young men of this Church would go the high way, following the trail marked out by the Master of men.

"For every man," says Jessie Lee Bennett, "every man, woman, and child, there exist one or two books so illuminating that once read life will never be quite the same to them again." I come to you with the conviction that no person can really read and understand one or all of the gospels and remain the same, having read them.

Mr. Wigham, in his new book, *The Decalogue of Science*, in introducing what he calls the new sixth commandment, gives expression to these notable words:

"Our Puritan forbears lived on parched corn, but they talked about God; they shot Indians through the porthole with one eye and taught the Bible to their children with the other, and there was produced in New England a group of men and women who have been the marvel of modern civilization."

I am asked to call your attention to the merits of a great book,

*Delivered at the June M. I. A. Jubilee Conference, 1925. In this connection we call our young men's attention to page 1008, *August Era*, "Special Recognition for Reading the Four Gospels."

the greatest book in the possession of the human race today, namely the Bible, and more particularly the second half of it, called the New Testament. And I am going to address myself, in the few minutes that are mine, to the query, Why should we read it? Why encourage young men to read it? All the time the three former speakers* have been addressing you I have been moved with the thought: What if the Master could come in this morning? If we could transplant ourselves through time and space, and be over in Palestine and drop back 1900 years, it were a wonderful opportunity to have listened to him. Now, barring the fact that you cannot see him and feel the tremendous impress that comes out of personality, it is the privilege of every one here today and during the rest of his life, to come into the presence of the Master and be instructed of him. And that is why that book becomes the greatest book known to man—because that privilege is there.

I say your task is a task of salesmanship; and if you would go out and promote the use of this book among young men, how shall you begin? I am going to offer you three homely suggestions, which I think will help to make the book popular with anybody. They have helped to heighten my own appreciation of it.

I have learned that whenever a man faces a task it is a good thing to come into the presence of strong men and women to get their judgment. If I would invest in stocks, then I want the judgment of a financier. If I would go away to school, then I want the judgment of a school man, who knows institutions. If I would buy a farm, then I want the judgment of a man who has farmed, who knows the soil, and knows the problems of farming. If you would read, as you select the things you would read, I believe it good policy to ask the opinion of men whose judgment is worth while. I am going to call your attention very briefly to a dozen men who are entitled to a voice on this problem as they are on many others:

The first, Daniel Webster. He said with reference to this book, about which we are now talking,

"I remember the time when at my mother's knee or on my father's knee I learned to lisp the verses of the sacred scripture that have since been my daily staff and vigilant contemplation. If there is anything in my style to be commended, the credit is due to my parents in instilling into my early life the sacred scripture."

The second man of that dozen is one of the most eminent critics that England has ever produced, John Ruskin:

"Whatever I have been in my life has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother read daily with me a part of the Bible and daily made me learn a part of it by heart; and truly, though I have picked up a little further knowledge in mathematics, in meteorology, and the like in after life, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this motherly instillation of my mind in that property of the chapters I count very confidential the most precious and on the whole, the one essential part of my education."

*For their addresses, see August, 1925, *Era*, pp. 981-90.

Benjamin Franklin said,

"The reading of one good book made me what I am. Buy good books," he said, "instead of good clothes."

And the fourth, Coleridge, that eminent English man of letters:

"To give a man full knowledge of morality I should need to send him to no other book than the Bible."

Andrew Jackson said,

"That book, sir, is the book upon which our Republic rests."

U. S. Grant—and I am glad to be able to come into the presence of these men, fighting men, with this message of peace.—U. S. Grant said,

"Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor in your liberties; write its precepts upon your heart and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this book we must look as our guide in the future."

And the seventh, Abraham Lincoln:

"The Bible is the best book God has given to man."

• The eighth, Viscount James Bryce, of England, said when he was here in 1914,

"It is with great regret that one sees, in these days, that knowledge of the Bible seems declining in all classes of the community. I was struck with the same thing in the United States. Looking at it from the educational side only, the loss of a knowledge of the Bible and all that the Bible means would be incalculable to the life of the country. It would be a great misfortune if generation of children grew up who did not know their Bibles."

Ninth, Marshall Foch, who declared that the Bible is certainly the best preparation you can give to an American soldier going into battle to sustain his magnificent ideal and faith.

Let Theodore Roosevelt be our tenth spokesman. He declared,

"The immense moral influence of the Bible, though, of course, infinitely the most important, is not the only factor it has for good. In addition there is the increasing influence it exerts on the side of good taste, of good literature, of proper sense of proportion, of simple straightforward writing and speaking and thinking. No man can afford to be ignorant of the Bible."

Next, President Wilson said,

"A man has deprived himself of the best there is in the world who has deprived himself of an intimate knowledge of the Bible. I ask of every man and woman in this audience that from this night on they will realize that part of the destiny of America lies in their daily perusal of this great book of revelation."

And men, there is a challenge to you and to all: "In the daily perusal of that great book," independent of its divine origin, it contains more important history and finer strains of eloquence than can be acquired from all other books in whatsoever language they may be written.

And I conclude with a testimony of H. G. Wells, of whom Anatole France said,

"He is the most stimulating man in the world today, has provoked more thought and is stirring more men to an appreciation of the finer values of life," and he says: "The Bible is the book that has held together the fabric of western civilization. It is the great handbook of life."

I have not time to dwell on further judgments of men. I quote you these dozen specimens from the great men of the modern world who say that this book occupies first place among the list of books that can be put into the hands of young men or old men.

I said I wanted to bring you three arguments as salesmen. That is my first one. The second one is the place that book has taken in the popular mind and has held against all other competitors. I always am of the opinion that whenever a book becomes one of the world's great best sellers there must be something in it that will hold the fancy of men and women. Much as we quarrel with *Main Street*, the fact that it came to be one of the most popular books in the United States ought to make us a little bit skeptical about throwing it out as having no consequence. When *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* came out of the war, it came to be one of the greatest best sellers, and it deserved the attention of men and women. Now I bring to you the idea, as a matter of salesmanship, that the Bible, the New Testament, claims distinction, because in all these years it has been and continues to be the leading best seller on the market. That thought in itself alone is a stupendous one, when I think that in 1922 thirty million copies of the Bible were made and distributed in America. More copies of the Bible in that year were sold than of any other book on the market. The book has been translated into 770 languages and dialects. It is quoted more than its next rival, Shakespeare, at a ratio of more than seven to one—and that is in the literature of the day. It continues to be the first seller in the American market, in spite of the fact that billions of copies have already been put into American homes. It is quoted in popular fiction, in standard fiction, in popular magazines, in the standard magazines, in newspaper editorials. In a little study that I carried forward three years ago, I discovered that through the period of time covered in that little study there were 468 references to the Bible in popular fiction. It is almost astounding the number of times that it bobs up even in the most popular of novels. It was used 515 times in non-fiction of the popular variety, 2,527 times in popular magazines, 1,940 times in the standard magazines for the period covered, 1,142 in newspaper editorials. The interesting thing is that though most of the parts of the Bible have been used, the parts that have been used predominantly are the life and the teachings of Jesus Christ. His life, from his baptism to his crucifixion, and the Sermon on the Mount lead all others. Those facts, from a literary point of view,

Editors' Table

"Mormon" View of Evolution

A statement by the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

In these plain and pointed words the inspired author of the book of Genesis made known to the world the truth concerning the origin of the human family. Moses, the prophet-historian, who was "learned" we are told, "in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," when making this important announcement, was not voicing a mere opinion. He was speaking as the mouthpiece of God, and his solemn declaration was for all time and for all people. No subsequent revelator of the truth has contradicted the great leader and law-giver of Israel. All who have since spoken by divine authority upon this theme have confirmed his simple and sublime proclamation. Nor could it be otherwise. Truth has but one source, and all revelations from heaven are harmonious one with the other.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is "the express image" of his Father's person (Hebrews 1:3). He walked the earth as a human being, as a perfect man, and said, in answer to a question put to him: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John 14:9). This alone ought to solve the problem to the satisfaction of every thoughtful, reverent mind. It was in this form that the Father and the Son, as two distinct personages, appeared to Joseph Smith, when, as a boy of fourteen years, he received his first vision.

The Father of Jesus Christ is our Father also. Jesus himself taught this truth, when he instructed his disciples how to pray: "Our Father which art in heaven," etc. Jesus, however, is the first born among all the sons of God—the first begotten in the spirit, and the only begotten in the flesh. He is our elder brother, and we, like him, are in the image of God. All men and women are in the similitude of the universal Father and Mother, and are literally sons and daughters of Deity.

Adam, our great progenitor, "the first man," was, like Christ, a pre-existent spirit, and, like Christ, he took upon him an appropriate body, the body of a man, and so became a "living soul." The doctrine of pre-existence pours wonderful flood of light upon the otherwise mysterious problem of man's origin. It shows that man, as a spirit, was begotten and born of heavenly parents, and reared to maturity in the eternal mansions of the Father, prior to coming upon the earth in a temporal body to undergo an experience in mortality.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, basing its belief

on divine revelation, ancient and modern, proclaims man to be the direct and lineal offspring of Deity. By his Almighty power God organized the earth, and all that it contains, from spirit and element, which exist co-eternally with himself.

Man is the child of God, formed in the divine image and endowed with divine attributes, and even as the infant son of an earthly father and mother is capable in due time of becoming a man, so the undeveloped offspring of celestial parentage is capable, by experience through ages and aeons, of evolving into a God.

HEBER J. GRANT,
ANTHONY W. IVINS,
CHARLES W. NIBLEY,
First Presidency.

Teaching Bible Stories

Recently a number of communications have come to the *Era* setting forth in splendid language and in very clear thought the literary advantage of teaching Bible stories; also, that Bible stories are mainly literary "tales" written for the simple Israelites to glorify God, and that they should therefore not be taken too seriously. In other words, the idea is expressed that they are not historical, not actual, but that they are fiction.

In our opinion, if God is left out in teaching Bible stories, and literary excellence, rather than historical truth, made the only reason for their study in school or otherwise, we may as well study Shakespeare. We think the teaching of Bible stories in this way would be unfortunate. We dislike to call the Bible stories "tales," which means legends or fiction, in other words. The whole trend of such teaching is to impress the reader that the stories of the Bible are literary fictions, "made up" to boost the God of Israel and the Israelitish religion—they are not real. Taught this way they become a joke, and God a myth. We mean by Bible stories such stories as the creation, the flood, the wooing of Rebecca, Joseph and his brethren, Moses, the Ten Plagues, the passage of the Red Sea, the Ten Commandments received on Mount Sinai, the golden calf, Samson, David and Goliath, Jonathan and Bathsheba, Daniel, and many others.

The Bible must be studied for more than its literature, however excellent that is. That more is the vital and essential purpose, the underlying fact of all facts—to gain a knowledge of the Fatherhood of God and a testimony of his existence, and interest in mankind as his children and offspring. This lesson must be impressed above all others, for it is the paramount truth which rises above the Bible's wonderful poetry, its concise, direct, clear and beautiful orations, essays and songs, and reaches to the spiritual heights to which the Latter-day Saint youth and all American citizenship must rise if we shall continue a Christian nation.—A.

William Jennings Bryan

When William Jennings Bryan, the great Commoner, died July 26, 1925, at Dayton, Tennessee, the nation lost a remarkable character, and Christianity, an earnest defender. He died without any previous indication of the approach of the end. He had partaken of a hearty meal, then retired to take a rest. That was his last. He went to sleep to awake no more in this life. Seated on the porch, Mrs. Bryan thought her husband was sleeping longer than usual. At 4 p. m. Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Bryan's nurse, passed through the bedroom noting an unusual pallor on Mr. Bryan's face. She bent over him. The spirit had gone, death had come, apparently without pain or struggle.

Mr. Bryan, orator, editor, and public official, was born in Salem, Illinois, in 1860. He was a member of Congress 1891-5, and subsequently, in his long and well known political career, was a candidate several times for the Presidency, and acted as Secretary of State for a time under President Woodrow Wilson. He was a staunch Democrat for many years. He visited Utah several times and each time took much interest in the religion of the Latter-day Saints. At one time, particularly, he visited a conference in the Tabernacle and became very much interested in the speeches that were there delivered on the Latter-day Saints' idea and belief in God. He came often also on political missions, in the heyday of his life many years ago, and later.

Recently he came into prominence in defense of the Bible in the case of the Copes trial in Tennessee which involved the question of the constitutionality of the Tennessee anti-evolution law, making it a misdemeanor for a school teacher to teach the children of Tennessee that a man is descended from a lower order of animals. He has often defended the Bible. Speaking in 1923 before the legislature of West Virginia, which was then considering a bill to prohibit the teaching the so-called Darwin theory in the schools of that state, Mr. Bryan said:

"School teachers paid by taxation should not be permitted to teach under the guise of science or philosophy anything that undermines faith in God, impairs belief in the Bible or discredits the Son of God as the Savior of the world. Evolutionists rob the Savior of the glory of the virgin birth, the majesty of his deity and the triumph of his resurrection. They weaken faith in the Bible by discarding the miracles and the supernatural, and by eliminating from the Bible all that conflicts with their theories. They render the Book a scrap of paper."

Later, in an address in New York, Mr. Bryan declared that in the schools evolution, as taught, was undermining Christianity. He said:

"I don't object to scientific truth, for no truth disturbs religion. What we object to is for any scientist to put forth his guess, and demand that we substitute it for the word of God. Evolution is an enemy of the Bible and furnishes a respectable excuse for men to deny the Bible."

He came to Dayton to defend the Bible against attacks by atheistic evolutionists, and on the witness stand he declared his faith with child-like strength and purity. In his last testimony to the world, in reply to the opposing attorney, Mr. Darrow, he said:

"I have from the Bible all the information I need to live by and die by."

"Have you ever pondered on what would have happened if the earth stood still?" asked Mr. Darrow.

"No, the God I believe in could have taken care of that, Mr. Darrow."

When Mr. Darrow asked specific questions as to the Bible miracles, Bryan replied: "The Bible states it; it must be so."

This may be considered the last testimony of Mr. Bryan to the world. He prepared an argument, however, in the defense of the Tennessee evolution law, but did not deliver it owing to the early termination of the case. On the 28th of July Mrs. Bryan gave out this address for publication, and it was telegraphed throughout the country and printed in many of the papers. It is a long, remarkable address and entitles William Jennings Bryan to be called, "Defender of the Bible." This address, we expect later, to print in the *Improvement Era*, believing our readers will be deeply interested in its contents.—A.

John J. McClellan

In the passing of John J. McClellan, the community sustains a distinct loss, and the musical world, an original and distinctive leader. Utah born, he had come to be an institution in the realm of music in the western communities, and for that matter, well known internationally and in all the country, from the fact that he had presided at the keys of the great organ in the Salt Lake Tabernacle for the past twenty-five years, and had played before presidents, governors and senators of the United States, the King of Belgium, and representatives and rulers from practically every country in the world, touching them with his power as a musician. Only recently Joe Mitchell Chapple, in the *Toledo Blade*, paid tribute to our well known artist, and declared that "acute intelligence, sympathy and imagination, in matters musical, are the characteristics of John J. McClellan, master organist, conductor, composer and teacher." Mr. Chapple named one recital, not unusual as we all know, in which people were present from twelve different states, and also declared that more than 300 selections were at the finger tips of the great organist who was always ready to provide a program to meet the moods of the people, and appropriate to the season.

Furthermore, he says: "With more than three times the number of compositions that many great musicians have in their repertoires, Organist McClellan lives in the atmosphere of his tabernacle music. * * * What Kreisler is to the violin, what Rachmaninoff is to the piano, McClellan is to the organ. He has won his title, 'Wizard of the Keys', and the thousands who are traveling westward find in this awe-inspiring tabernacle the musical magic of the organ." Then he goes on to say: "When I saw him sitting at the keyboard absorbed in his music, I felt that the music was more than the mere instrument. There is something ethereal in the music of this organ, with John J. McClellan, the artist, at the keys. Now it whispers and roars in

quick succession. As I listened, the volume of an entire orchestra, playing its various instruments, poured forth in harmonious chords, resounding through the auditorium with unearthly sweetness. It reminded me of my day with Sir Arthur Sullivan at Saint Mary's near Walton, England, when in the dun organ loft he played the *Lost Chord*."

Mr. McClellan had been Professor of Music in the University of Utah, and until 1918 was dean of the Utah Conservatory. He was always an advocate of good music, being completely absorbed in it. He led out in original lines, and improvised pioneer heart-songs and old melodies in a most pleasing way to the delighted congregations gathered from all parts of the world to enjoy his art. The organ was certainly a living thing to John J. McClellan. But now his unequalled touch, by which the keys spoke or sang, is stilled. We shall hear his art no more.

Over a year ago, the great musician was stricken with illness, but he had begun his work again, and thought he had recovered. Not long before his passing he reiterated his great life desire that during the remainder of his days he would be devoted to the gospel of better music. He was a graduate of the University School of Music in Ann Arbor and also studied music in Berlin with Scharwenka and Jedliczka. He was appointed organist of the Salt Lake Tabernacle in 1900 on his return home. The people of the Church and of the State and of the Nation will greatly miss him, and we can all say to our friend, in his own words in the last letter received from him by the *Era*, in June, 1925, that we bid farewell, "with best wishes and much affectionate regard."

Exalted and more perfect music, "the food of love," such as his soul desired on earth, will doubtless await him in the great beyond, where we believe he will play on.—A.

The Music Master is Gone

(A tribute to J. J. McClellan, organist, Salt Lake Tabernacle for 25 years, born Payson, Utah, April 20, 1874; died Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday, August 2, 1925.)

The famous old organ is silent today,
And mute are its mellow-voiced keys,
Asleep 'neath the fragrant, love-laden bouquet,
Fair blossoms of peace and heart's ease!

The famous old organ is silent an hour—
In stillness of spirit it grieves—
And lo! faith's immortal celestialized power,
A solace of glory enweaves!

The famous old organ is silent today—
Its soul-gifted master is gone—
But veiled from our view in the realms of bright day
Our love-cherished brother lives on!

Salem, Utah.

MINNIE IVERSON HODAPP.

Priesthood Quorums

The Melchizedek Priesthood Study

Subject: Doctrines of the Church. Text: *A Study of the Articles of Faith*

Lesson 35: Christ's Reign on Earth, Continued. Text: Chapter 20, pages 363-371.

Lesson 36: Renewal of the Earth. Text: Chapter 21, pages 375-381.

Lesson 37: Resurrection of the Body. Text: Chapter 21, pages 381-387. This lesson deals with resurrections past.

Lesson 38: Future Resurrections. Text: Chapter 21, pages 387-392.

Lesson 39: Religious Liberty and Toleration. Text: Chapter 22, pages 395-404.

Lesson 40: Man's Accountability. Text: Chapter 22, pages 404-411.

Lesson 41: Submission to Secular Authority. Text: Chapter 23, pages 413-422.

Lesson 42: Submission to Secular Authority. (Continued.) Text: Chapter 23, pages 422-427. Give particular attention to the last topic, pages 425-427.

Lesson 43: Practical Religion. Text: Chapter 24, pages 429-435.

Lesson 44: Tithing. Text: Chapter 24, pages 435-437. Read "The Lord's Tenth" in Appendix 24, page 526.

Lesson 45: stewardship in the Church. Text: Chapter 24, pages

Lesson 46: Marriage. Text: Chapter 24, pages 442-447.
439-441.

Lesson 47: Sanctity of the Body. Text: Chapter 24, pages 447-449. Let the "Word of Wisdom" here receive careful and analytical study.

Lesson 48: The Sabbath Day. Text: Chapter 24, pages 449-452.

Book of Mormon Diversions

Test Your Knowledge of the Book of Mormon

1. Who, in building a ship, provided for the carrying of "fish of the waters"?

2. What is a deseret?

3. Where is it recorded that men "fought like dragons"?

4. What king built seats in a temple, which were set apart for the high priests, which were fronted with a breast-work built in such a manner as to allow the priests to rest their bodies and arms while speaking to the people?

5. What people boasted that fifty of their men could stand against thousands of the Lamanites?

6. What righteous man saw the finger of the Lord?

Answers: 1. Ether 2:2. 2. Ether 2:3. 3. Alma 43:44. 4. Mosiah 11:11. 5. Mosiah 11:19. 6. Ether 3:6.

Mutual Work

One-day Convention Program

The following dates have been set:

September 13—Cache*, Logan.
September 13—Box Elder.
September 13—Tooele.
September 20—North Davis*, South Davis.
September 20—Ogden*, Mt. Ogden, North Weber, Weber.
September 27—Utah*, Kolob, Alpine, Palmyra, Nebo.
October 11—Salt Lake*, Ensign, Liberty, Pioneer, Grant, Granite, Cottonwood, Jordan, Oquirrh.

Where stakes are grouped together, the stakes starred will take the initiative in determining places of meeting. In these 24 stakes it has been decided, for 1925, with two exceptions, to group the stakes as above indicated for union gatherings of M. I. A. workers, through which, for this year at least, instructions and inspiration and enthusiasm may be obtained. The officers of the group stakes should immediately meet and arrange the details of the program, copies of which have been sent to each stake, and which program differs very slightly from the program for the stakes in which two-day conventions are held. In the evening meeting the selections to be sung should be sung by the combined choruses of the stakes. In the afternoon program, which takes the place of the evening session in the two-day programs, three-minute talks are provided by the stake representatives, one from each of four stakes, on the theme, The Inspiration I Received from the Jubilee, including the divisions, the general conference sessions, the contests, the pageant and the parade. Each speaker should choose one of these topics and consult with other speakers to avoid unnecessary duplication.

One of the Few

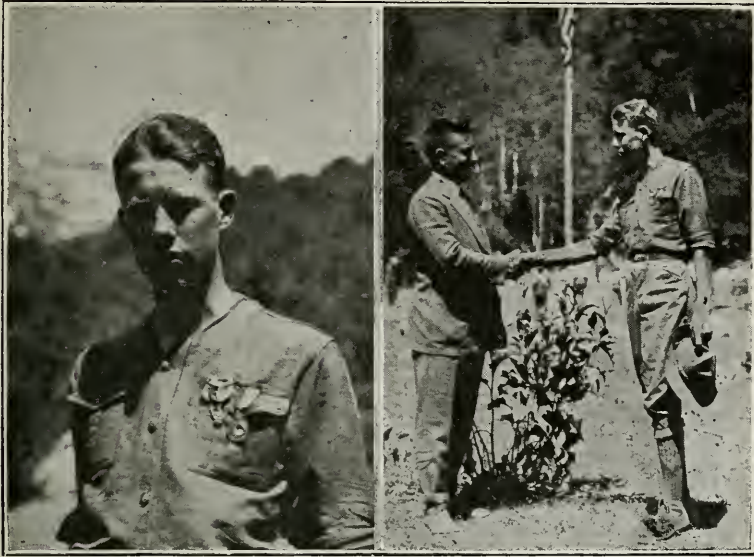
Recently I visited the Alpine Camp of the Boy Scouts of the Timpanogos District Council, in company with Charles N. Miller, regional director of the Twelfth Region, Boy Scouts of America; Scout Executive A. A. Anderson, and Commissioner Carl F. Eyring, both of the Timpanogos District Council.

While at the camp Mr. Miller was informed that Howard Kelley, a youth who had received the gold medal for life saving from national headquarters, was in the group. Mr. Miller asked young Kelley to step forward, declaring that it was a rare thing to meet a scout who had received such distinction. As the two shook hands I drew my camera on them thinking that a picture of the two in the act of shaking hands might be of interest to readers of the *Era*, and especially to the boy scouts of the inter-mountain district.

Only about fifty such medals have been given out in the entire United States, Mr. Miller declared. Most of these, he stated, had gone to the parents of the heroes rather than to the heroes themselves on account of the fact that in many cases the scouts had given their lives in the attempt to save life.

"I want to shake hands with a boy who was fully prepared when the crisis came," Mr. Miller said. "It is fine to meet a scout who has risked his life to save another, especially when he has been able to accomplish the great deed. In so many cases our young heroes have given up their lives

in the attempt that it is with joy that I find one here who has lived and has made it possible for another to continue to live."



Left: Howard Kelley. Right: Regional Director Charles N. Miller shaking hands with Howard at Camp Alpine.

Howard Kelley saved a comrade from drowning in Utah Lake. The two boys had attempted to swim to a motor boat anchored some little distance from the shore. The other lad who was a little younger than Kelley, became exhausted and sank. Kelley rushed to his assistance and succeeded in rescuing him from death by drowning. Howard Kelley's home is at Lehi, Utah. He is an Eagle Scout.—*H. R. Merrill, Provo, Utah.*

Cedar City Troop No. 5

Cedar City Troop No. 5, Boy Scouts of America, were organized into a troop at the commencement of school last fall, Scoutmaster, John A. Young, coach at the college, and Assistant Scoutmasters, Irvin T. Nelson, and Arthur J. Morris, and a troop committee consisting of Director J. H. Maughan, Gilbert L. Janson, and William H. Manning—all members of the B. A. C. faculty.

The work was given in the regular course of study. One of the requirements of the course was to become a first class scout. In addition to reaching this point 45 merit badges were earned by the boys and the leaders—for the officers of the troop were always in the lead in scout scholarship. Among the winter activities was a monthly good turn. They assisted in cleaning the Cedar City cemetery, repaired a bridge for the college; during the coldest months they chopped wood for, and in other ways helped out the widows of the town, conducted at the close of the year a scout carnival in connection with the Parowan Stake M. I. A., wherein they encouraged all of the other troops in the Cedar and Parowan districts into more active work, by giving prizes amounting to \$50 to the individuals and troops showing most excellence in the various phases of scout work. For recreational and educa-

tional purposes they hiked out to the historic spots in Southern Utah, and held camping parties in the nearby canyons. They also served as a public safety committee acting at all times as a fire squad of the B. A. C. Campus. The troop next year will be appointed as the official committee of public safety upon the campus. Those becoming first class scouts were awarded neckerchiefs with the official letter of the institution upon them, done in colors of the school. That scouting will raise the standards of scholarship, was amply borne out in the record made by this troop last winter. With seventeen fellows, all students of the school enrolled, the average was 84.2 percent. The average of students the country over is about 75 percent. The work of the troop did not end with the closing of the school. A contest in stalking is being carried out during the summer. The winner of the contest will be the one who brings in the best bit of work done in the wild life, either the capturing of some wild animals, or some other equally difficult task that requires a knowledge and proximity to nature. The towns represented in the troop are as follows: Beaver, Minersville, Cedar City, Hamilton's Fort, Kanarra, Hurricane, Tropic, Alton, Escalante, Enoch. It will be seen that the college has trained leadership for ten of Southern Utah's most progressive towns. The B. A. C. is doing its part as headquarters for the Zion National Park Council B. S. A. The fellows in Troop 5 are true L. D. S. scouts in every particular. It is remarkable to find such fine leadership in all of these towns isolated as some of them are. I am happy to make this report of scouting in this section.—*Irvin T. Nelson*, Commissioner Zion National Park Council B. S. A.



Back row, Left to right: K. Palmer, Anthony Woodhouse, Helbert Eyre, Ray Littlefield, Merille Esplin, Bernard Johnson, Clarence Reddle, Howard Thompson, President Anthony W. Ivins, Wayne Esplin, Plorn Williams, William H. Wood, Floyd Heaton, Reid Cox, Carlyle Esplin, Spencer Isan, Erastus Matheson. **Front row** (seated): A. J. Morris, Assistant Scoutmaster; A. H. Riddle, Senior Patrol Leader; John Young, Scoutmaster; Irvin I. Nelson, Assistant Scoutmaster; W. H. Manning, J. H. Maughan, Gilbert H. Jansen, Troop Committeemen.

The M. I. A. in Aleppo, Syria

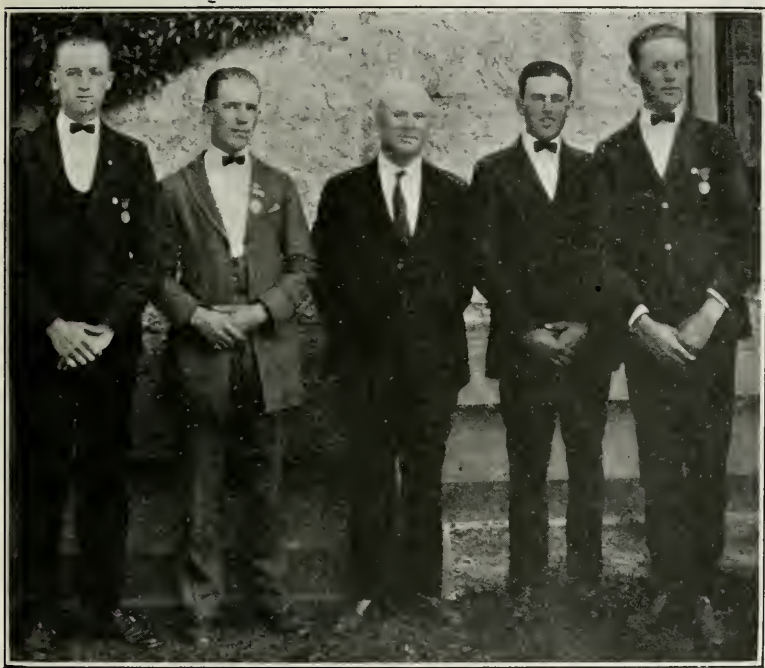
The M. I. A. work of the Armenian mission is confined to one branch, and there is but one M. I. A. in all the mission. In some respects it will appear from the following letter from President J. W. Booth that they can, however, make a very good report. President Booth says: "Our bonafide membership is not very definite. About 25 each for the young men and

young ladies, but the average attendance including visitors is about 55 at the meetings. Ninety-six percent keep the Word of Wisdom and ninety percent can bear good testimonies. At our last joint meeting, which was poorly attended, we had only 41 present; only one, a visitor, smoked. Eight had read the Bible through; nine had read the Book of Mormon through; and twelve, the New Testament. We have a library started of 100 volumes, but no funds on hand. We celebrated the Jubilee year in appropriate fashion with a program, drama, etc., held on June 7-11."

Altogether, the M. I. A. in Syria in the Far East has planted an organization which we trust will grow and spread to become great in dimensions and do good work in the cause among the young people.

Winners in M Men Quartette Contest

"M" Men quartette of Enterprise ward, St. George stake who were successful in winning the grand final contest at the June M. I. A. conference. They won in the



finals over 12 other groups. They are, reading from left to right, Lafayette Staley, Wendell Robinson, J. W. McAllister, director, Elvis B. Terry and Thorne Jones.

New Superintendents of Y. M. M. I. A. Appointed

Cassia, Wilford W. Sagers, Oakley, Idaho; formerly Archie Q. Hale.
 Hyrum, Alfred J. Peterson, Hyrum, Utah; formerly Henry C. Sorenson.
 Juab, Harry Beagley, Nephi, Utah; formerly Roy T. Cowan.
 Lost River, Charles D. Johnson, Jr., Moore Idaho; formerly Parley P. Black.
 Malad, Norman W. Crowther, Malad, Idaho; formerly George A. Wilson.
 Maricopa, Delbert L. Stapley, Mesa, Arizona; formerly Elijah Allen.
 Uintah, Irvin Eaton, Vernal, Utah; formerly H. S. Olson.
 Wayne, J. William Ivie, Loa, Utah; formerly Dalton H. Okerlund.

A "Mormon" School in Hawaii



Photo by J. Wesley Williamson, Laie, Oahu, T. H.

Above: Principal Reuben A. Joseph and Laie Basket Ball Team. The team of 1924-25 has been a very successful one for the Church School at Laie. We feel that much good has been accomplished, directly and

indirectly, by means of our athletic activities. Recently the Basket Ball team won the Rural Oahu championship. The Volley-ball and indoor Base-ball teams have made commendable records also. The "Mormon" school teams are praiseworthy for their fine spirit and clean sportsmanship, and the practice of the Word of Wisdom has had much to do with their success. Some people say our boys are "different"—they are. Why? We know.

Center: Teachers of the Private L. D. S. School at Laie, Oahu, T. H. From left to right: Annie Jensen, Burlington, Wyoming; Flora Amussen, Logan, Utah; Mary Stevenson, Ephraim, Utah; Elroy Bush, Salt Lake City; Marian Clark, Salt Lake City; Howard Hubbard, Elba, Idaho; and Reuben A. Joseph, Principal of school, Beaver, Utah.

Our School here follows the course of study outlined by the Territorial Department of Education, with the addition of a very beneficial class of theology—our one big cause for maintaining the Church School here. And the purpose in view is being accomplished. The principles of the Gospel of our Savior are being presented to the pupils here most effectively, the results of which are keenly observed by visitors to Laie, who see something about our young students that is "different"—a new spirit; strange, yes, but sublime.

Below: This group of 34 pupils of the Laie Private School represent a mixture of the following nationalities: English, Irish, Scotch, German, Spanish, French, Hawaiian, Samoan, Tongan, Indian, Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Porto Rican.

At mid-year, the following statistics were furnished the Department of Education, which show the different nationalities attending our school: Japanese—72, Hawaiian—59, Part Hawaiian—33, Samoan—18, Filipino—8, Others—4, Chinese—2, Tongan—1, Total—197 pupils.

Indeed, the scriptures are being fulfilled—"every nation, kindred, tongue and people shall hear the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ," and our missionaries and Church school teachers out here in the Isles of the mid-Pacific are making wonderful progress in their efforts to help accomplish this great aim, with the help of the Lord.—*Reuben A. Joseph.*



ST. GEORGE M. MEN AND STAKE AND WARD OFFICERS

Passing Events

Soviet Russia is said to offer France an alliance against Germany and to pay interest on the Czarist debt to French families, in order to tear France away from British influence.

A "Mormon" trail monument was dedicated, July 19, 1925, at a point eight miles northeast of Lyman, Wyo. This is the second in a series to be erected. It is a concrete shaft surmounted by a beehive. Almost 1000 people witnessed the ceremonies.

Great Britain refuses to join in a conference on China, according to a communication from the British Foreign Minister, Chamberlain, July 17, to the American, French and Japanese ambassadors. Great Britain does not consider the time ripe for an international discussion of the extraterritorial privileges in China.

American and British flags were destroyed at Minsk, Russia, according to a dispatch from Stockholm, July 17. The story, as told by a paper published in the Swedish capital, was that the flags were trailed in dust, torn to shreds and then burned. The same story says that war preparations are being made at Moscow on a large scale. War material, it is said, is being rushed to the Polish and Rumanian frontiers.

The Belgian war debt to the United States was the subject of discussion between the Belgian and American debt commissioners, in their meeting in Washington, D. C., Aug. 10. That was the first formal conference. Utah's senior senator, Reed Smoot, is, as is well known, a member of the American commission. An agreement was reached between the two commissions, Aug. 18, according to which the debt will be paid in 62 years, with a very small interest.

An anti-evolution suit was entered in the supreme court of the District of Columbia, July 22, by Loren H. Wittner, to obtain an injunction against paying salaries to instructors who teach evolution. Mr. Wittner says teaching that theory is forbidden by a congressional enactment which provides: "That no part of this sum shall be available for the payment of the salary of any superintendent who permits the teaching of, or of any teacher who teaches disrespect of the Holy Bible."

John H. Miles, the past few years a member of the staff of the Church historian's office, died Aug. 10, 1925, at a local hospital, after a brief illness. He was a native of London, born May 25, 1853. He accepted the gospel while on a voyage to Australia, and soon came to Utah. He was well educated and, for many years, taught school in Idaho and Utah. Funeral services were held in Salt Lake City, Aug. 12. Among the speakers were Prest. A. W. Ivins and Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve. The body was taken to Paris, Idaho, for burial.

Mrs. Harriet Utley Carter died, at St. George, Utah, July 16, 90 years of age. She was the widow of William Carter, one of the 1847 pioneers, who was the first man to use a plow in Salt Lake and who, it is said, turned the first sod preparatory to building the Salt Lake temple. Mrs. Carter was born in Alabama July 11, 1835. With her family she joined the L. D. S. Church and emigrated to Utah, arriving in Salt Lake with her brother in 1852. November 23, 1853, she was married. She is survived by her brother, Gabriel Utley, and the following children:

Samuel U. Carter, St. George; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Harker, Mrs. Harietta Maria Thomas and Jacob U. Carter, Cardston, Alta., Canada; James Carter, Ely, Nev.; also thirty-six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

The hottest day in the history of Utah was recorded July 16, 1925, at the Salt Lake weather bureau. The maximum was 99.7 degrees and the minimum, 80 degrees. The maximum on the 15th was a little over 100, but the minimum on the 16th was so much higher, that the mean temperature surpassed the preceding record. It was as high as the maximum of an ordinary warm summer day. Thus, Wednesday night, July 15, and early Thursday morning, July 16, formed the hottest period of sleep Salt Lakers have ever experienced—at least those who are not over 51 years of age, and it is doubtful if a higher temperature occurred before the taking of statistics here, which began that long ago.

Albert John Weber, recent Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah, died August 8, 1925, at his country home in East Millcreek. He was born in Westpoint, Iowa, November 19, 1859. He graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1880, entered the newspaper business, then studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1884. In 1889 he came to Ogden, Utah, where he practiced law and was the county prosecuting attorney from 1892-1896. He removed to Salt Lake City in 1902 where he continued his law practice. He was elected Justice of the State Supreme Court in 1918, and served as Chief Justice from January 1923 to January 1925, and during his term of office rendered many important legal decisions. He was a life long Democrat and one of the oldest members of the Utah Bar Association.

The evacuation of the Ruhr by the French was completed July 31, after two years of occupation. A parade of troops at Essen in the morning, the last official act of the French, amid strains of the "Marseillaise," took place when four companies of infantry with shining bayonets, some machine gun troops and a quota of bicycle troops marched past the Ruhr commander, General Guilleame and his staff of remaining French officials. The troops turned southward and disappeared down the road towards the small junction rail station, where trains soon started with them for France. When the last tricolor over French headquarters came down, the symbol that French rule was ended, the population went wild with joy. The following Sunday a "liberty flight" was held in the occupied territories, where the only planes seen heretofore have been French military planes. Big official demonstrations to celebrate the evacuation are being prepared.

Gold has been discovered in Idaho together with indications of platinum, at a desolate point near the juncture of Clark, Butte and Jefferson counties, fifty miles northwest of Pocatello, where three rivers sink into the sands of the Snake river plains. The three streams—Big Lost river, Little Lost river and Birch creek—have in ancient times and up until the advent of irrigation in the early '80's, virtually merged their waters and disappeared in the sands on the same square mile of desert. For nearly fifty years these mysterious Idaho rivers have been the despair of geologists, engineers and old-time gold seekers, for the reason that they gave but niggardly indication of the placer values that the greatest authorities, including the late Senator Clark of Montana, insisted were there. Since the first discovery on April 14, the eight original partners in the venture have busied themselves on filings and surveys. Besides placer old and indications of platinum, gems of the corundum family, of which emeralds and rubies are typical and which indicated gold, have been found in minute sizes.

Brigham A. Hendricks died, July 16, on his farm near Lewiston, Cache county, as the result of a sunstroke. He was working in the field with his sons, Victor and Dunell, when he fell to the ground. He expired before a doctor could be summoned. Mr. Hendricks was 67 years of age. He had been one of the prominent men of the county since 1881. He was born in Salt Lake November 27, 1857, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hendricks of this city. For the last several years he had lived in Logan during the winter, where his children attended schools. Mr. Hendricks served two terms as

Cache county commisisoner, from 1903 to 1906. He was a member of the state legislature in 1907 and 1908, having been elected as senator from the northern district. In addition he was president of the Lewiston state bank for four years, resigning in 1909 to become president of the South African mission of the L. D. S. Church. Mr. Hendricks was a member of the Benson stake presidency for twenty-one years. He also was a superintendent of the Sunday schools and president of the Mutual organizations, besides filling three missions, one in the southern states, one in the northwest, and one in South Africa. He was prominent in the affairs of Lewiston for several years.

Joseph S. Hickman, 37 years of age, lost his life by drowning in Fish Lake, July 24, 1925. He was in a boat with three companions, when, through some cause, it capsized about 300 feet off shore. Mr. Hickman, it is said, sank immediately. The others were rescued. He was born at Milford, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Hickman. He was graduated from the grade schools of Milford, the Provo high school, the B. Y. U. and the Utah Agricultural college. After his graduation he followed the profession of teaching and was instructor at one time in the public schools of Logan. About seven years ago Mr. Hickman removed to Bicknell, where he was principal of the Bicknell school, and a year later he was elected county superintendent of schools for Wayne county, which position he occupied at the time of his death. Many of his former students thought a great deal of Joseph Hickman, and have written the *Era* that he "paved their way and lifted their thoughts to higher aims. He appeared to bring in sunshine where the way was filled with strife." In addition to his scholastic attainments, Mr. Hickman also was a writer of note, being a contributor to a number of magazines. He has written several descriptive articles for the *Era*. He was elected to the lower house of the Utah legislature at the last general election.

The five children of Mr. Hickman, orphaned by the waters of Fish Lake, are: Iola, 14; Amer, 11; Blate, 9; Ineda, 5, and Dot, 2. He also is survived by two brothers, W. D. Hickman of Torrey and Don F. Hickman of Bicknell, the latter being state road agent for Wayne county. Four sisters, Mrs. J. W. Kirk of Milford, Mrs. E. P. Pecton of Torrey, Mrs. C. A. Arrington of Ogden and Mrs. R. C. Dearing of Springville also survive.

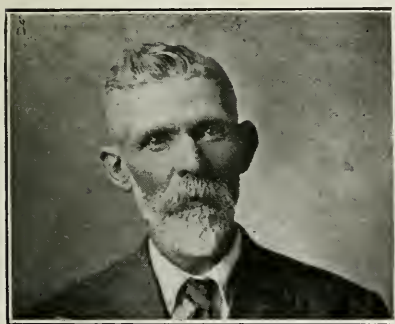
Prof. John J. McClellan died at his home in Salt Lake City, Aug. 2, 1925, after a protracted illness. Nearly two years ago he was stricken while on a concert tour in San Francisco, and since then he has been ailing, until the end came. Prof. McClellan was born in Payson, Utah, April 20, 1874. At the age of 17 he entered the school of music of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and later he went to Berlin. At his return, in 1900, he was appointed organist for the Tabernacle. In this position he has obtained international fame as a musician.

Recognition of his abilities were many. He was a member of the National Association of Organists and president of the Utah state organization, and was also a member of the American Guild of Organists. As a composer, Professor McClellan also enjoyed a wide reputation. His most famous composition was the "Irrigation Ode," although he was also the composer of numerous songs and hymns, all of an inspiring and uplifting nature. When Albert, king of Belgium, toured America several years ago he bestowed the Order of the Crown on Professor McClellan as a mark of appreciation for the recital given in honor of himself and the queen. Elbert Hubbard wrote: "What Paderewski is to the piano, McClellan is to the pipe organ." Professor McClellan was married to Mary Estelle Douglass at Manti on July 15, 1896. Besides his widow, Professor McClellan is survived by his mother, Mrs. E. B. McClellan, and the following children: Mrs. Genevieve M. Jennings, Mrs. Madeleine M. Clayton, Douglass J. McClellan, Dorothy and Florence McClellan. There are five grandchildren—Geneva Jennings, John D. Jennings, Marcella McClellan, Elaine McClellan and Lyndon Whitney Clayton, Jr. A brother, Alma D. McClellan, survives, and the following sisters: Mrs. J. G. McCollom, Mrs. Archie MacFarland and Mrs. F. N. Poulson, all of Salt Lake, and Mrs. P. Poulson of Driggs, Wyo.

Funeral services were held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Aug. 6, when thousands paid their tribute of appreciation of the services rendered by the great musician.

William Jennings Bryan, the great Commoner, passed away Sunday, July 26, at Dayton, Tenn., without any previous indication of the approach of the end. He had partaken of a hearty meal, and then he retired to take a rest. That was his last. He went to sleep, to awake no more in this life. Mr. Bryan was born at Salem, Ill., in 1860, and graduated from the Illinois College, Jacksonville, in 1881, and from the Union College of Law, Chicago, 1883. In 1887 he moved to Lincoln, Neb., and in 1891-5 he was a member of Congress. In 1894 he became the editor of the *Omaha World Herald*. In 1896 he was a delegate to the national Democratic convention at Chicago, where he made the brilliant speech on "free silver," which made him famous and secured for him the nomination for the presidency. He was, however, defeated by McKinley. In 1900 he was again nominated with the same result. After a trip around the world, 1905-6, he became interested in world disarmament. He again, in 1906, became the standard bearer of the Democratic party, but was defeated by Taft. In 1912, at Baltimore, his opposition to Champ Clark resulted in the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, and when he became president Mr. Bryan was made secretary of state. It was a stormy time. Trouble was brewing. Bryan succeeded in formulating a treaty, according to which all international disputes were to be submitted to an impartial investigation commission a year before hostilities could begin. Thirty nations signed that treaty, and a year afterwards the world war broke out. Mr. Bryan remained in office only two years. He resigned July 9, 1915, when it became clear to him that the country was drifting into the vortex of the conflict. Lately Mr. Bryan has devoted his time to the defense of the Bible.

Nephi Bailey—All the people, Monticello in particular, were caused to mourn at the passing of Nephi Bailey on July 2, 1925. He was born in New



Nephi Bailey

Mill, England, November 9, 1846, learned the cobblers trade from his father and also the principles of the gospel from his father, as they worked together. He came to America when 21 years of age, and secured employment on the Union Pacific, on one of President Brigham Young's contracts. After that he followed his trade all his life, being also a farmer. He married Mary Mackleprang, of Cedar, and moved to Bluff at the time it was settled, in 1880, and in 1888, to Monticello. He is the father of 12 children, 29 grand-children and two great-grand-children, his children, except two, and his wife survive him. He filled a mission to England in 1900.

After his return, he was elected mayor of Monticello for two terms. He served also as justice of the peace for a term. At the time of death he was chairman of the Pioneer party of Monticello, and head of the high priests. He served as leader of the choir for a long time, and was superintendent of the Monticello Sunday school for a number of years. The day before he died he had worked nine hours in the hay field. He died in the harness, in both Church and material capacity.—*Othello Hickman*.

"We find the *Era* a great help and enjoy reading every number."—*Leon A. Robins*, Enmore, Sydney, Australia.

"We certainly appreciate the *Improvement Era* and read it from cover to cover. It has nothing in it that is not good, helpful and uplifting."—*Harold D. White*, Launceston, Tasmania.

"I congratulate you on the splendid character of the *Improvement Era*. It is certainly a powerful good, not only in the mission field, but wherever it is circulated. With every good wish for your continued success."—*Joseph W. McMurrin*, President California Mission.

Rabald D. McGregor, conference president Manchester, England: "The missionaries give hearty thanks to the publishers of the *Era* for copies sent each month. Both Saints and friends are always enthusiastic over its inspiring contents. May it continue to grow and serve even mightier than now is our sincere wish."

A. J. Cordery of Kohala, Hawaii, sends greetings from that district and says of the *Era*: "Accept our heart-felt appreciation for the *Improvement Era*. It has aided me greatly in my labors as a missionary in the beautiful land of Hawaii. Its well edited pages are indeed a message from Zion to all the world. We wish it continued success."

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Humorous Hints

(Contributions for this column of the Era are solicited)

Tall girls are usually looked up to.

He is so dumb he thinks the Northern Star is an Alaskan movie queen.

Sign in an orchard near Ogden, Utah: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

"*Why did she give Freddie up?*"

"She got sea sick, and had to give everything up."—*Perrins.*

U. A. C. Fall Quarter

Opens Monday, Sept. 28th

High school graduates are urged to send a transcript of their credits to the Registrar's office at least two weeks before the opening of school.

Ample board and room accommodations at reasonable rates are available in Logan.

The Utah Agricultural College comprises the schools of:

Agriculture	Home Economics
Commerce and Business	Basic Arts and Sciences
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We like summer—but it can't last forever.

To enjoy cold days when they come—fill your bins with Clear Creek or Castle Gate coal—the most reliable “comfort insurance” there is.

Utah Fuel Company

Judge Building, Salt Lake City

In the Tennessee mountains, R. F. D. does not mean root for Darwin.—Boston Herald.

After asking directions from several city residents, one is confirmed in the fact that the population in the city is more dense than in the country.

Ni: “What made you fire your new hired man?”

Si: “I told him to take some skim milk to the pigs and he went and served it to the summer boarders.”

A college education certainly does prepare a man to earn big money. A graduate of Columbia has just got a job as bricklayer.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.



Call your nearest Keeley Dealer for our Big Sunday Special 50c—or our 30c or 50c Weekday Special

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Salt Lake City, Utah

Telephone Wasatch 550

It's gittin' so th' only time a woman is seen with her husband is when he's carryin' her suitcase.—Kin Hubbard.

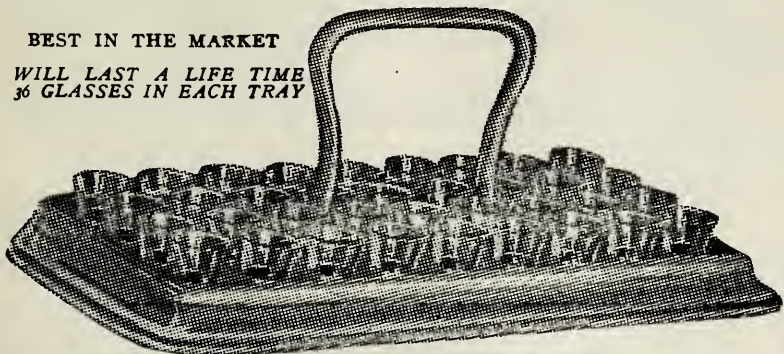
Sign in a town in Idaho, near one of the dams of the Snake: "The best town by a dam site."

Some men indulge their appetites so keenly that their girdle becomes abnormal. One of this class was fussing about his home, having lost his belt. He impatiently complained: "Where is my belt? It was around the house this morning!" "Oh," said the good wife, "was it around the house?"

INDIVIDUAL SACRAMENT SETS NOW IN STOCK

BEST IN THE MARKET

**WILL LAST A LIFE TIME
36 GLASSES IN EACH TRAY**



RECOMMENDED BY PATRONS. REFERENCES FURNISHED

Made especially for L. D. S. Churches, and successfully used in Utah and Intermountain region, also in all Missions in the United States, Europe, and Pacific Islands. Basic metal, Nickel Silver, heavily plated with Solid Silver.

SIMPLE, SANITARY, DURABLE

Satisfaction guaranteed. Inquiries cheerfully answered

RECENT ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mt. Carmel, Utah, January 8, 1925.

We received the individual sacrament set in good shape and, speaking in behalf of the people of the ward, are very well pleased with the set.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, January 11, 1925.

We received the sacrament sets that the branch has ordered and we wish to thank you for the prompt service that you gave us in sending them. In regard to the trays we are also very much satisfied as to the finish and size.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Temple Block

Salt Lake City

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Latter-day Saints Garments

APPROVED CORRECTION PATTERN

Prepaid Parcel Post to any part of the United States if paid in advance, 20c, extra on each garment to Canada or Mexico.

These approved Temple Garments are knitted and made right here in our own Utah factory, to your special order and measurements. Lowest prices on market. Mail your order to us now and say you saw it in the "Improvement Era." If order is C. O. D. you pay the postage.

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No.	Price
4 Light Summer weight bleached.....	\$1.49
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20 Light weight cotton bleached	1.75
60 Medium weight cotton	1.75
22 Medium weight cotton bleached.....	2.00
90 Heavy weight cotton unbleached.....	2.25
24 Heavy weight cotton bleached.....	2.50
50 Extra white double bleached, mercerized.....	3.00
10 Medium weight wool mixture.....	3.00
16 Heavy weight wool mixture.....	4.00
70 Snow white silkane.....	3.40
18 All Marino wool	5.50

Sizes from 22 to 44 bust, 52 to 64 lengths, as desired. Longer than 64 inches or over 44 in. bust, each size 20c. extra. Garments with double backs 25c. extra per suit. We will make any size desired.

Measure bust around body under arms; length from center on top of shoulder down to inside of ankle. Orders for less than two garments not accepted.

If "Modified Style," short sleeves, low neck, buttons etc., is wanted, so state and add 25c. per suit to above prices, or regular Garment will be sent to you.

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FRANKLIN CHRISTIANSON, Manager

657 Iverson St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Phone Hy. 516

The Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick says that the modern church needs lubrication. Well, the Rockefellers belong to his church.—*New York American*.

Among the other notable results of the California earthquake was the fact that it shocked Hollywood. Few of us realized it was that violent.—*Nashville Banner*.

Grandpa had come to visit his little grandson.

Wishing to find out how the boy was getting on at school, he asked:

"If you had ten apples and I gave you two more, how many would you have altogether?"

"I don't know, grandpa," replied the young hopeful, "we always do our sums in beans."

THERE IS NO TOP

No man or woman ever reaches his limits of progress, though many stagnate for want of effort. Are you in a rut? Are you standing by while the world moves forward. Wake yourself. Get into day school or evening school and do some regular study. Make ready for opportunity.

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denim—reasonable in
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